"THE STRANGER"

Screenplay by

Anthony Veiller

(Orson Welles and John Huston uncredited)

Adapted by
Victor Trivas and Decla Dunning

Story by
Victor Trivas

Copyright ©1946
RKO Radio Radio Pictures, Inc.

Shooting Script, 1946

CHARACTERS

Wilson Mary Longstreet (Rankin)

Dr Charles Rankin/Franz Kindler

Judge Adam Longstreet

Noah Longstreet

Konrad Meinike

Dr Jeff Lawrence

Mr Potter

Sara

1 FADE IN DURING

the distant sound of a groat clock tolling the hour. On a white field we see the twisted silhouette of a demon. CAMERA moving down shows this to be cast from a tree from the window outside. The curtains, full of moonlight, are blowing in the wind. A beautiful girl is lying in bed (MARY) - her eyes are open. She is counting the hours as the clock strikes. Something in the sound of it makes her wince with pain. On the sound track (filtered) breathing, like the wind itself, over the strange, light music we hear the voice of a man...

MAN'S VOICE
(RANKIN'S)
It's beautiful... It's beautiful that way... My favorite walk... through the cemetery, over the little brook... and then the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 EXT. LONGSTREET HOME - NIGHT

The terrace is bright with moonlight. Slowly the French doors from the living room open and the girl comes out. She is fully dressed. She carries a small package under one arm. CAMERA follows her as she moves across the lawn and off towards the fields and woods stretching into the distance. A gust of wind blows the door shut with a loud bang.

3 SCENE - OUT

4 EXT. THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Unhesitatingly the girl picks her way through the rows of tombstones. Again she hears, woirdly, through the faint complaint of the wind, a man's voice.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

MAN'S VOICE
(RANKIN'S)
James Longstreet, 1896-1917. Died for his country. Noah Longstreet, 1842-1863. Died for his country. William Longstreet, 1713-1794. Died for his country...

Ahead of her looms the church, its rear door plainly in view. For a moment she hesitates, then continues.

5 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

It is full of ghostly shadows and ominous half-tones from the moonlight diffused through the stained glass windows. The girl enters the empty church. She moves down the side aisle and goes across a row of pews and goes down the center aisle toward the open door leading into the vestibule.

6 INT. VESTIBULE - NIGHT

The girl, holding her package very carefully, begins to mount toward the belfry. CAMERA stays on her as she climbs. She comes finally to a ladder. One of its rungs is missing. With her free hand the girl grasps what still stands upright and continues on -- up into the belfry.

DISSOLVE TO:

7 TOWN SQUARE - NEW ENGLAND - NIGHT

Townspeople are gathering under the moonlight -- men and women alike. They carry shotguns, rakes, baseball bats - any kind of hastily gathered weapon of protection. Some are in various stages of hasty dressing. All are moving toward the church.

8 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - NEW ANGLE

The townspeople are converging on the church from all directions.

9 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - STILL ANOTHER ANGLE

A piercing scream is heard.

The scream is so high that it is impossible to tell whether it was uttered by a man or woman. Dimly on the ledge below the clock we see, high above us, two figures apparently locked in a death struggle. It is difficult to see much in the shadows but it looks as though these figures are, respectively, male and female. A huge gasp breathes from the crowd below as the two figures, seeming to clutch at each other, teeter and fall toward us through the darkness. CAMERA swoops down with this but we cannot see the figures fall to

9 CONTINUED:

earth. They are blocked off by the backs of the towns-people which now are silhouetted sharply against the sky. A low excited muttering runs through the crowd, then voices are distinguishable - New England voices.

FIRST VOICE
I didn't see it. You say they both fell?

ANOTHER VOICE
Yes, both of them. Together.

ANOTHER VOICE IN CROWD
Know who they were?

The murmur ceases here. There is a short pause.

ONE OF THE VOICES
I don't know anything about it. Think we'll ever hear what really happened?

STILL ANOTHER VOICE
(slowly)
I wonder... Who was he?

ANOTHER VOICE
Who was he?

STILL ANOTHER VOICE
Yeah... .Who. .??

FADE OUT:

10 FADE IN - MAIN TITLE

THE STRANGER

(As the screen darkens, a sort of combination FADE OUT and DISSOLVE), there now glows out of the screen the distorted face of a grimacing demon. CAMERA races back to disclose the demon made of iron emerging through a dark portal through the side of the same massive clock we saw on the belfry. Superimposed over this is

THE MAIN TITLE

THE STRANGER

CREDIT TITLES are superimposed over the following - The iron dovil moving across the face of the clock exits through the opposite portal as there emerges from the first another automaton, a gilded iron angel. Sword in hand the angel pursues the demon as the heavy chimes within sound stridently the hour of midnight.

ON THE FINAL CREDIT

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

11 BLUE SKY - DAY

CAMERA PANS DOWN a long narrow window to reveal WILSON. His face is grim as he listens to men's voices off scene.

WILSON
Leave the cell door open, that's all there is to it - Let him escape.

FIRST VOICE
(an English accent)
In my view, it's all very irregular. It might entail the most embarrassing repercussions -

SECOND VOICE
(French accented)
Exactement. It is a responsibility of the first magnitude.

FIRST VOICE
I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, but you must see...

Suddenly, without warning, Wilson turns on them. His voice is sharp with suddenly released rage.

WILSON
Blast all this discussion. What good are words...
(gesturing with his pipe)
I'm sick of words... Hang the repercussions and the responsibility. If I fail...I'll be responsible. You can threaten me with the bottom pits of hell...and still I insist.
(he pounds on the desk for emphasis, the pipe still in his hand)
This obscenity must be destroyed. You understand? Destroyed!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

12 EXT. DECK - S.S. SIMON BOLIVAR - VERY CLOSE SHOT - NIGHT

CAMERA shooting down on Wilson's hands holding a small notebook on the railing, as he writes with incredible neatness in a small notebook:

13 INSERT - WHAT HE WRITES

"12 October. Arrived South America. Docked 4:00 P.M."

14 CLOSE SHOT - WILSON'S HANDS

as he closes the book, restores it to his pocket. CAMERA is still tilted down. We do not see Wilson's face - only the upper part of his body. He reaches into his coat pocket and produces a pipe. A band of tape binds the fractured stem.

15 EXT. DECK - NIGHT (CRANE SHOT)

CAMERA shooting down on dock below. Strip of water between the boat and the dock gleams softly. CAMERA MOVES to catch Meinike as he hurries down last few feet of gangplank and across dock.

16 EXT. LOWER LEVEL OF DOCK SHED - NIGHT

The shed is lighted by a couple of floodlights, in which the sweating faces of passengers from the ship shine in the hot tropic night. On this level is a long table, behind which an Immigration Official and the Ship's Purser sit side by side. Opposite them are lined up the ship's passengers, as shabby looking as the dock itself.

The Immigration Official reaches out and takes a passport from the man directly in front of him.

OFFICIAL
(calling out the name from it)
August Popodescu.
(the Purser checks a name off his list. The Official speaks in Spanish)
Your business in this country, Senor?
(the man shrugs helplessly. The Official tries English)
Your business in this country, Senor?

POPODESCU
Commercial.

The Official, without further ado, stamps his passport and hands it back to him.

OFFICIAL
(wearily)
Next, please.

16 CONTINUED:

As the Official examines the next person, the CAMERA SWINGS SLIGHTLY to focus on Meinike, the next in line. His lips move in a soundless rhythm of "I am traveling for my health... I am traveling for my health..."

OFFICIAL
(calling off name)
Helene de Vries. Your business in this country, Senora?

MADAME DE VRIES
I am joining my husband.

OFFICIAL
(stamping the passport)
Next, please.

Meinike shuffles the necessary step forward and extends his passport with trembling fingers, his lips continue to move.

OFFICIAL
(with same casualness as he opens the passport)
Stefan Polowski.

As he pronounces the name, he glances at Meinike. The Purser makes his check mark and he, too, looks up. Then the Official turns back to the passport.

OFFICIAL
(looking up at Moinike)
Your business, Senor?

Meinike once again completes his silent repetition of the phrase, then speaks it aloud.

MEINIKE
I am traveling for my health.

As he speaks, the Official glances up at him.

CAMERA CRANES UP to Wilson, standing on the upper level of the dock. He is leaning against a pillar. As we watch him, he removes his dead pipe from between his lips and raps the inverted bowl twice against the pillar. Over scene, as CAMERA HOLDS on Wilson, we hear the sound of a passport being stamped and the Official's voice.

OFFICIAL'S VOICE
(Over Scene)
Next, please.

Marvales, an angular Latin with a saturnine face, and his attractive wife ENTER THE SHOT, go to Wilson. They speak

16 CONTINUED: (2)

together. We cannot hear what is being said, but Marvales and his wife gaze off, as though searching for someone. There is something fascinating about the two pairs of eyes as they find, almost simultaneously, what they seek. Marvales, his gaze never wavering, hurries down the ramp.

CAMERA CRANES DOWN with Marvales until he exits through the dock gates.

CAMERA CRANES SLOWLY BACK to upper level of the dock shed, to pick up Wilson and Senora Marvales.

Senora Marvales waits a few seconds after her husband has gone, then she, too, moves away.

Wilson, refilling his pipe from a worn pouch, moves very unhurriedly down the concrete ramp, CAMERA on CRANE, CARRYING HIM DOWN.

DISSOLVE TO:

(THIS CUTS SCENES FROM 17 to 25 - ACTION BEING CONTINUOUS IN 16).

26 STONE BRIDGE - NIGHT SKY

This DISSOLVE is almost a FADE OUT, the CAMERA being focused on the limitless darkness of a night sky.

The CAMERA TILTS DOWN from the Sky View to show a rustic bridge. Across its shadows moves Meinike. His pace never slackens. His quick, jerky movements give him the appearance of a small, scuttling spider.

27 ARCHWAY - NIGHT

CAMERA shooting from below, tilted up, is focused on Meinike as he walks through archway, straight into CAMERA.

28 CLOSE SHOT - MEINIKE'S FACE

As he moves full into CAMERA, then out of range.

As Meinike moves out of scene, CAMERA remains stationary, still tilted up. From this angle, CAMERA is focused on a lighted window in a building opposite.

29 LIGHTED WINDOW - NIGHT

A man is standing in the recess of the window, his face half hidden, as he watches someone in the street below.

30 EXT. SOUTH AMERICAN STREET - NIGHT

Meinike passes several shuttered doors, through which chinks of light finger out into the night. There is the sound of a slow, sad tango and the faint murmur of voices. Meinike is passing a cheap night club.

31 MAN IN WINDOW - NIGHT

This is a CLOSER SHOT of the man in the window, whom we discover to be Marvales. His body is turned slightly into the room and we see the outline of a cradle phone he is holding, which explains why his face is half hidden.

MARVALES
(into phone)
Hotel Nacionale? Siete, siete, cero, dos...

32 FOLLOW SHOT - (CRANE)

CAMERA follows Meinike through a group of archways. Beyond, on the wall side, are several closed, shuttered doors, lit dimly from within. There is different music coming from the interior of this place - hot, exciting rhythm played by a small, corny band. CAMERA follows Meinike, drawing closer and closer to him. Then Meinike walks out of shot, leaving CAMERA focused on a blank wall, which fills the screen. Music builds louder and louder.

(SOUND DISSOLVE)

Music of night club fades until it is faint but still distinct. As music of night club fades, we begin to hear the ringing of a telephone which grows louder and more insistent as we seem to approach it.

DISSOLVE:

33 INT. WILSON'S ROOM - NIGHT - (S.A.)

We see the shadow of a cradle telephone as a hand reaches for it. Then a book is placed on a small table.

34 INSERT - COVER OF BOOK

The title reads: "CLOCKS AND OTHER TIMEPIECES An introduction to their study History and Construction"

A pipe whose stem is fractured is placed on top of the book.

35 INT. WILSON'S ROOM - CLOSE SHOT - TELEPHONE

The telephone is taken from the hook in the middle of a second long ring. We hear the click of the receiver. The music continues faintly in the distance and Wilson's voice is heard.

WILSON'S VOICE
Yes?

36 MARVALES - AT WINDOW - NIGHT

MARVALES
(into phone)
He has proceeded to the Farbright Kennels. He arrived...

37 BACK TO BOOK AND PIPE

Through the receiver, we hear the rest of Marvales' conversation.

MARVALES' VOICE
...there at 9:43, Senor.

We see the shadow of the phone being placed back on its cradle. Wilson's hand takes up the pipe, opens the book. There is a slight pause. We still hear distinctly the same music. A page is turned.

DISSOLVE TO:

38 EXT. FARBRIGHT KENNELS - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

An enormous German police dog, fangs bared, leaps forward, growling. A man's forearm meets the dog's charges and the fangs close on the arm as CAMERA PULLS BACK to a trainer, within a wire cage, wrestling with the dog. In his right hand he carries a heavy whip which he cracks, driving the dog back. His arms are heavily padded and he wears a wire mask to protect his face.

In b.g., behind wire, other dogs leap high, barking wildly.

CAMERA CRANES UP to a stone ramp in front of a building adjoining the cages. Meinike, on ramp, looks down on the scene below.

Meinike's attention is taken from the scene below by the sound of a door opening. He turns towards the sound. In [...], there is a circular staircase, leading to rooms above. The room at the top of the building, at the head of the stairs, is open, and a man - Farbright - stands silhouetted against its brightness.

38 CONTINUED:

As Meinike moves to the foot of the stairs, looking up, a door near him on the ramp level opens and the dog trainer, in complete equipment, stands staring at him silently. The grotesque appearance of the trainer adds to Meinike's nervousness.

MEINIKE
(looking up towards Farbright)
I hope you remember me, sir. I remember you.

Farbright does not answer. Meinike begins to climb the circular stairway eagerly, speaking as he goes, CAMERA MOVING WITH HIM. There is the sound of his feet on the steps and the barking of dogs from the kennels.

FARBRIGHT
(from above)
How do you account for your presence here?

MEINIKE
(climbing)
I am seeing information as to the whereabouts of Franz Kindler.

Meinike has now reached a stairway landing and pauses for a few moments before continuing.

FARBRIGHT
(from above)
Not why are you here...but how?

MEINIKE
(confused)
I obtained a passport at Cracow, using the name of Stefan Polowski. I then went to Salonika where I took ship. The voyage took twenty three days.

FARBRIGHT
Why were you not hanged?

Meinike fumbles futilely at his necktie.

MEINIKE
(resuming his climb)
They set me free.

38 CONTINUED: (2)

FARBRIGHT
(in exactly the same conversational tone)
Something was given in exchange for your life... money, perhaps... Were the authorities bribed?

MEINIKE
They want only vengeance.

FARBRIGHT
What about information?

MEINIKE
(pauses on the steps)
I told them nothing. My cell door was left open. I walked out.

There is a silence. Meinike has only a few more steps to climb.

FARBRIGHT
In there...

MEINIKE
(very frightened)
Once you are convinced, you will tell me where to find Franz Kindler? It is a matter of the utmost import.

Meinike has reached the top landing. His face, turned towards Farbright, is terrified. Farbright jerks his head significantly towards the lighted room behind him and stands aside, indicating that Meinike is to enter. Meinike, very hesitant, slowly crosses the landing and enters the room. We see Farbright start to close door.

39 CORNER OF FARBRIGHT KENNELS - NIGHT

CAMERA, ANGLED UP, shows a single window with a burlap sack stretched across it. Corner of the sack flutters in the breeze. There is no light from behind the window. Someone is standing against the building. We can see the outline of a figure.

39A CLOSE SHOT - FARBRIGHT KENNELS - NIGHT

Dogs, behind the wire enclosure, are looking up, fangs bared menacingly. They gaze intently offscene, growling continuously. The sound is vicious and without let up. These dogs are wild, savage, starved.

39B CORNER OF FARBRIGHT KENNELS - NIGHT

CAMERA is still ANGLED UP at window. A light now appears in the room above, its faint brilliance radiates out through the loose corners of the burlap sack. The figure against the building moves slightly as the light hits her. It is Senora Marvales. She looks up, watching. There is the continuous growling of the dogs in the kennel next to her throughout this scene.

40 INT. UPPER ROOM FARBRIGHT KENNELS - NIGHT - CLOSEUP OF A HYPODERMIC SYRINGE

Held in a man's dirty, hairy hands. The needle is pulled from the syringe. CAMERA PULLS BACK to FULLER SHOT of Dr. Faber, a very seedy looking individual with a three days' growth of beard. He wears pince nez, which are attached to a string about his neck; he has not removed a very battered bowler hat from his head. Dr. Faber brings the hypodermic needle to his lips and blows through it, preparatory to replacing it in a leather case which he has produced from one of his pockets. As Dr. Faber carries out the following action, we hear Farbright questioning Meinike and Meinike's drugged responses.

Dr. Faber carelessly replaces the syringe and needle in their worn case and crosses the room where his overcoat lies piled on a chair.

FARBRIGHT'S VOICE
Place of birth?

MEINIKE'S VOICE
Kurstin, Germany.

He puts the case away and drags forth a crumpled package of cigarettes, fishes in his pockets, finds a holder into which the cigarette is carefully inserted. Faber then crosses to a table where a kerosene lamp is burning. He lights his cigarette from it, then, noticing the ill-lit room, he drags a chair under a rusty gas chandelier which hangs from the ceiling. Dr. Faber takes the kerosene lamp, climbs on the chair and ties the lamp to the chandelier. As he tilts his head back to complete this operation, we catch a glimpse of the ceiling. Most of the plaster has fallen from it and the lathes show through barrenly. Dr. Faber steps down off chair - the chandelier swings gently and the kerosene lamp casts its flickering shadows over the shabby room.

FARBRIGHT'S VOICE
Date of birth?

MEINIKE'S VOICE
9 August, 1898.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

MEINIKE'S VOICE (CONT'D)
(he pauses)
I was named after my grandfather... who was postmaster until his 65th year when he was retired. My father's name was also Conrad Meinike.
(Meinike speaks as though he were half asleep)
He was originally from Harsfeld, coming to Kurstin at thirty one years of age, He married my mother, Marie Paasen, soon after, and I was their first child.

Faber pulls the chair back from lamp and, behind him, we notice a window, the panes of which have long disappeared. A burlap sack, insecurely drawn across it, moves in a strong breeze. This breeze, blowing through the room, keeps the lamp moving almost imperceptibly throughout scene. As Faber passes by window and around room, we can see, in b.g. the dog trainer, standing silently watching the scene before him. Over Scene there is the sound of dogs barking faintly from below.

FARBRIGHT'S VOICE
When were you placed on trial for your life?

MEINIKE'S VOICE
(in same flat monotone)
On the fifth day of April.

Dr. Faber now comes around behind Farbright's desk and we see Farbright, his elbows on the desk, leaning towards Meinike as he continues to question him. CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Meinike, one sleeve rolled above his elbow, sitting in a chair facing Farbright and Dr. Faber. This is the first time we have seen Meinike during this scene.

FARBRIGHT
(continuing)
And found guilty -- What questions were put to you?

MEINIKE
(not understanding)
Yes.

FARBRIGHT
(irritably)
What questions?

40 CONTINUED: (2)

MEINIKE
If I knew the whereabouts of those with whom I had previously been associated. I did not answer...

At this moment, a particularly loud yelping is heard from below. Farbright nods significantly to the dog trainer, who exits silently.

DR. FABER
Was a drug ever administered, as on this occasion?

MEINIKE
They did not use drugs.

FARBRIGHT
(suddenly harsh)
Why were you not hanged, Conrad Meinike? The reason! Tell it!

Meinike shakes his head. His voice has a hollow ring to it. He calls out his answer, as though at some distance from his questioner.

MEINIKE
There was no human reason. I think God delivered me.

Dr. Faber giggles at this, drops his pince nez, replaces them.

FARBRIGHT
Really?
(trying a new tack)
Why do you want to see Franz Kindler? What is so important about it?

MEINIKE
I have a message for him.

FARBRIGHT
From whom?

MEINIKE
From the All Highest.

The two men instinctively stiffen. Farbright's heels actually click.

FARBRIGHT
From --! Why did you not tell us this before?

40 CONTINUED: (3)

MEINIKE
Because the message is only for him.
For Franz Kindler.

The two men exchange a swift glance. Farbright crosses to his desk and scribbles a few words on a slip of paper.

FARBRIGHT
You may want to rest. When you are better...
(handing him the note)
...take this to whom it is addressed.
He will make the necessary arrangements.

Over SCENE we hear the sudden loud, agonized yelping of a dog being beaten viciously.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENES 41 AND 42 OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

43 HIGH RAMPART ABOVE CITY

On a walk by the Morro, the dawn sky luminous, we see Meinike stumbling along.

44 ANOTHER STREET - STILL DAWN

A cur is feeding on something at the door of one of the houses. The mongrel turns and flees as Meinike approaches, stumbling down the steps of the terraced street.

45 CORNER OF A BUILDING - DAWN - CLOSE SHOT - SENORA MARVALES

with a shawl half hiding her face, she watches Meinike. As she turns her head slowly, the shawl falls back, exposing her ears. From them dangle earrings which are exceptionally heavy, very wide hoops of gold. She continues to turn her head slowly and as she turns her profile to CAMERA, our attention is focused on her ear and the unusual size and shape of the earring. She now turns and walks off.

46 INT. CELLAR - DAWN

CAMERA, tilted up, is shooting through a wide aperture looking out towards street. Senora Marvales comes down steps, through aperture and into the room. Although there is dim light in the street outside, it is still dark in the cellar. We hear Senora Marvales cross to one side of the room and take a receiver from its hook. As she begins to speak to the operator, we see Meinike's feet faltering past in the street outside.

46 CONTINUED:

SENORA MARVALES
(into phone)
Siete, siete, cero, dos.
(a pause)
Hello... He left -

47 INT. WILSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN - (S.A.)

He is sitting on the side of the bed, still wearing his shirt and trousers. He has been up all night, waiting. His book and pipe are beside him. He is holding the phone and from the receiver we hear the rest of Senora Marvales conversation.

SENORA MARVALES' VOICE
(coming through
receiver)
- the kennels at 5:38. On foot. I am observing. He will not be lost.

Wilson replaces the receiver on its cradle without a word. The bed light is on. He sighs wearily, turns off the light and sits waiting, silhouetted faintly against the dawn sky.

48 EXT. A DESERTED STREET - DAWN

Meinike, eyes glazed, moves down it, CAMERA trucking ahead of him. His jerky shuffle, more loose jointed than ever, speeds him forward. His hand clutches the paper given him by Farbright. His lips move ceaselessly in a soundless babble of near hysteria.

49 EXT. MORGUE - DAWN

An old woman leading a goat is coming down the street in front of the morgue. A couple of pails are clanking noisily about the goat's neck as the old woman cries, "Leche...Leche..." Meinike, about to enter the morgue, steps aside to let her pass. He then goes to the doorway and knocks loudly. There is no answer.

50 CLOSE SHOT - SENORA MARVALES AT PHONE

She is staring at a section of dirty, peeling plastered wall, upon which hangs the phone. She is in the same Cellar Room from which she phoned before. There is more daylight now and her features are dimly distinguishable.

SENORA MARVALES
(into phone)
He is now at the Morgue, Senor.
(she chuckles softly)
Do not be surprised if he remains there. From his appearance it's where he belongs...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

SENORA MARVALES (CONT'D)
(she pauses...then with a little laugh)
It is understood, Senor.

DISSOLVE:

ALTERNATE VERSION - NOTE: Leave old page in script when inserting this page.

SENORA MARVALES
(into phone)
Siete, siete, cero, dos.
(a pause)
Hello... He left -

47 INT. WILSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN - S.A.

He is sitting on the side of the bed, still wearing his shirt and trousers. He has been up all night, waiting. His book and pipe are beside him. He is holding the phone and from the receiver we hear the rest of Senora Marvales' conversation.

SENORA MARVALES' VOICE
(coming through receiver)
- the kennels at 5:38. On foot. I am observing. He will not be lost.

Wilson replaces the receiver on its cradle without a word. The bed light is on. He sighs wearily, turns off the light and sits waiting, silhouetted faintly against the dawn sky.

48 EXT. A DESERTED STREET - DAWN

Meinike, his eyes glazed, moves down it, CAMERA trucking ahead of him. His jerky shuffle, more loose jointed than ever, speeds him forward. His hand clutches the paper given him by Farbright. His lips move ceaselessly in a soundless babble of near hysteria.

49 EXT. MORGUE - DAWN

An old woman leading a goat is coming down the street in front of the morgue. A couple of pails are clanking noisily about the goat's neck as the old woman cries, "Leche...leche..." Meinike, about to enter the morgue, steps aside to let her pass. He then goes to the doorway and knocks loudly. There is no answer.

50 CLOSE SHOT - MARVALES IN WINDOW

MARVALES
(into phono)
He is now at the Morgue, Senor. Do not be surprised if he remains thero. From his appearance it's where he belongs... My wife checked with you then...?
(he pauses, then, a little worriedly)
No, I have not heard from her... Not for an hour.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. MORGUE - DAWN

A loud knocking is heard. GUINAZU, the morgue attendant, goes toward the door. He is wearing a dirty woolen robe over his night shirt. He has been awakened by the knocking. CAMERA TRUCKS to follow him. Guinazu opens the door cautiously, sees who it is, throws door wide and Meinike enters.

CAMERA TRUCKS AHEAD OF THEM as they come through ante room into morgue.

52 FULL SHOT OF ROOM

A long lane runs the length of the room, on either side of which is a row of marble slabs, where lie lifeless figures, decently shrouded.

There are no windows in this place and the light is obscure, and very gray, even semi-dark. We can hear the old woman crying distantly. "Leche...leche..." The room, seen in the murkiness of early dawn, has an unreal quality.

Guinazu switches on the lights, looks more closely at Meinike, takes his glasses from the pocket of his robe and puts them on. Meinike, without a word, removes his passport from an inside coat pocket and hands it to Guinazu, who studies it.

GUINAZU
Inferior paper... print too heavy. A poor job... but no matter.
(closing the passport, he leads the way down one of the aisles)
You're lucky. Very often days go by, weeks, sometimes, while we wait for a suitable alternate.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

GUINAZU (CONT'D)
(he stops before one slab)
This fellow must have known you were coming... And now, Stefan Polowski, It is time for you to die.

Meinike recoils. Guinazu laughs at his own macabre wit.

GUINAZU
Don't be afraid. You are not to die. Only the name on the passport.
(tossing the passport on the slab)
So dies Stefan Polowski.
(removing identification card from metal slot on the slab itself)
Long live Philippe Campo. Born in this city. Forty-four years old. Unmarried.

53 INT. MORGUE - DAWN

CAMERA tilts to show filing cabinet in small aperture. Guinazu is at an open drawer of the filing cabinet. From it he produces a passport which he hands to Meinike.

GUINAZU
There you are, Senor Campo. Everything in order but your picture -
(handing him a card)

MEINIKE
(looking at card)
Picture?

GUINAZU
(almost clicks his heels)
Our superior officer in this district. He is also an excellent photographer.

ALTERNATE VERSION - NOTE: Leave old page in script when inserting this page.

53 As Guinazu finishes speaking, we hear the door to the morgue open and footsteps begin to cross the floor towards Guinazu and Meinike, who turn towards the sound.

Two bruisers, one the dog trainer from the Farbright Kennels, enter, carrying a body on a stretcher. It is covered with a rough cloth.

53 CONTINUED:

GUINAZU
Good morning.

The men murmur good morning. We can see hair, long hair, hanging down from beneath the cover. As the men set the strotcher and its burden upon an empty table, there is a small thud as some object drops to the floor. One of the men from the kennels stoops and picks up an earring.

53A CLOSE SHOT - EARRING

held in a man's dirty hand. The earring is an exceptionally heavy, very wide hoop of gold.

53B BACK TO SCENE

The man places the earring in his pocket. Guinazu uncovers the body and stands looking down at it. We cannot see what he sees.

GUINAZU
(looking down at what he sees)
Poor woman... Droadful accidont... I wonder... How do you think it happened...
(studying the matter)
Dogs, maybe... a number of dogs...
(he clucks regretfully)

DISSOLVE TO:

53C INT. WILSON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Wilson, seated on the bed, is speaking into the phone.

WILSON
(into phone)
I'm terribly sorry, Senor Marvales... There's nothing else I can say.

He listens for a moment then, very slowly, hangs up. He picks up his pipe, holds it in his hands. CAMERA MOVES IN FOR VERY CLOSE SHOT of pipe held in Wilson's hands. His fingers tighten on the stem of the pipe - we can see the strain on his fingers as he grips the pipe stem in impotent rage. The stem snaps suddenly under the pressure.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S STUDIO - CLOSE SHOT - MEINIKE EARLY DAWN

He sits rigidly still in a straight chair, sweating under a bright light thrown full on his face. He is extremely keyed

54 CONTINUED:

up. We hear the click of a shutter and, immediately after, as though the small noise has set him off:

MEINIKE
(in a loud voice)
I wish to know the whereabouts of Franz Kindler.

55 REVERSE SHOT - THE PHOTOGRAPHER

He is bent over, motionless, his head hidden by the black cloth attached to a rickety camera. He reaches out and, with one hand, turns off the spot light.

The room is plunged into the opalescent grayness of early dawn. Slowly, the photographer lifts the cloth from his head and stands upright. He looks at Meinike in a menacing manner, his eyes narrowed.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(slowly)
There is no Franz Kindler. Franz Kindler is dead...and cremated.

56 TWO SHOT

Meinike blanches. A scar-like diagonal line shows on his forehead. His eyes now are bold and angry.

MEINIKE
(shouting)
It's a command.
(his voice lowers but its intensity remains)
I have a message for Franz Kindler. From the All Highest.

PHOTOGRAPHER
(uncertainly)
It is forbidden.

MEINIKE
(his voice high and piercing)
I command you in the name of that authority.

Invoking this power intimidates the Photographer. He moves across the shabby room, the walls of which are well filled with photographs in cheap frames. He pauses at a small table on which there is a large album, then hesitates, glances back at Meinike.

56 CONTINUED:

MEINIKE
(crossing to him)
Understand. A command.

57 MEINIKE AND PHOTOGRAPHER AT TABLE

The Photographer begins to leaf through the album, turning pages slowly. He stops, turns to stare at Meinike. Meinike's face is stern, with his old air of authority. The Photographer, with a doubtful sigh, turns a few more pages in the album and stops at a picture postcard which is pasted in it. He starts to lift the postcard from its tabs.

58 INSERT - CLOSE SHOT - PICTURE POSTCARD HARPER TOWN SQUARE

On the postcard is a photograph of the Harper Square: main street, shops and church. We can see the clock in the church tower but it is inconspicuous.

Written on the bottom of the card are the numerals `23478-678901', and `Harper, Connecticut'.

59 MEINIKE AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER

The Photographer has removed the picture post card from the album.

PHOTOGRAPHER
You know the name he's using?

Meinike does not answer but reaches for the card.

59A CLOSE SHOT - MEINIKE AT TABLE

CAMERA, SHOOTING OVER HIS SHOULDER, watches him as he seats himself, draws forward a piece of paper and on it prints out the name FRANZ KINDLER. He runs his forefinger over the numbers `234678', then draws diagonal lines through the `F' and `Z' in `FRANZ' and the `D,L.E,R' in KINDLER. This action is so swift that, although the remaining letters spell out `RANKIN', the audience is conscious of nothing but a jumble of letters, some of which are crossed out by diagonal lines. The slip of paper is taken from the table from under Meinike's hands.

PHOTOGRAPHER AND MEINIKE

The Photographer, holding the slip of paper crumpled in one hand, takes a package of matches from his pocket, strikes one and sets the paper aflame. As it begins to burn he taps on the postcard, still before Meinike, indicating the words written at the bottom of it.

59A CONTINUED:

MEINIKE
(reading, hesitating over the strange word)
Conn-ect-i-cut....

PHOTOGRAPHER
(drops burning paper into an ash tray)
In the United States. The town of Harper.

FADE OUT:

FROM FADE OUT on p. 21

SCENES 60 through 86 - OMITTED Sequence omitted from original script.

FADE IN:

87 EXT. HARPER CLOCK TOWER - DAY

The clock's hands are stilled, pointing to twelve minutes of five. The angel, now dull iron with only a few streaks of its gilt clinging to it, stands rigid, sword in hand, almost in the center of the clock.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the clock, incongruous in the neat austerity of a New England church tower. CAMERA NOW SWINGS AND PANS DOWN to disclose the Harper town square, fronting a green around which the township itself is clustered, cradled by the gentle slopes of the Berkshire foothills.

88 EXT. WOODS - DAY CLOSE SHOT - RANKIN

As he looks off toward clock. Mary ENTERS SHOT. Her eyes follow Rankin's gaze. She links her arm affectionately through his and laughs up at him.

MARY
(laughing)
Charles, you'll never tell time by that clock.

RANKIN
So I've discovered. I've been up in the tower... examining the works.

CAMERA DOLLIES with Rankin and Mary as they turn and begin to walk leisurely off through the woods.

88 CONTINUED:

MARY
(a little laugh)
Really?

RANKIN
(smiling)
You know, my first impression of Harper was the incongruity of a Gothic clock in a Connecticut church tower.

Rankin and Mary now enter the graveyard.

89 GRAVEYARD

MARY
(reciting)
Brought by sailing ship from the shores of the Mediterranean. Transported overland in a cart drawn by four oxen, the clock was brought to Harper in the year 1781 by Captain Abner Longstreet.

RANKIN
Born 1730. Died 1806.
(Mary looks at him in surprise. He points to a row of tombstones)
The Longstreet family history... for all to read.

MARY
(laughing)
Are you an authority on all Harper's families?

For answer, Rankin closes his eyes and recites from memory.

RANKIN
James Longstreet, 1895-1917. Died for his country. Noah Longstreet, 1842-1863, Died for his country. Septimus Longstreet, 1745-1779. Died in his bed. I've always had a great weakness for Septimus. William Longstreet 1713-1794. Died for his country. And then there's old Abner, himself.

Mary and Rankin as they continue, leaving the cemetery behind. CAMERA stops as they turn off onto a path through a field and PANS TO FOLLOW THEM as they disappear.

DISSOLVE TO:

90 EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Rankin and Mary reach a crossing. A small stream flows quietly between two gentle banks. A weather-beaten plank has been thrown across this gap. The ends of the plank are long and reach far enough on either side to make the crossing safe - but constant use has caused the board to sag in the middle, giving it a precarious appearance. To cross it requires no skill, but a certain amount of balance.

MARY
We'd better start back.

RANKIN
We can cross here and go home past the woods. It's quite a short cut.

MARY
(resignedly)
Well... it may as well come out now as later. You'll have to know the awful truth sometime. I'm a fearful acrophobic.

RANKIN
Really?

MARY
(seriously)
Really. I have the most dreadful fear of falling.

RANKIN
(crossing quickly)
Look - there's nothing to it.

MARY
(after a pause)
Let's go back the long way, please.

RANKIN
(quietly)
You need have no fear.
(he extends his hand)
You won't fall.

She looks at him for a moment, then puts her hand on his. He helps her across. On the opposite side of the bank, he helps her down.

RANKIN
(helping her down)
That wasn't bad, was it?

90 CONTINUED:

MARY
(looking up at him)
No.

DISSOLVE TO:

X90 FULL SHOT - BOAT - NIGHT (TO BE MADE AT UNIVERSAL)

CAMERA, on CRANE, moves in on a ship at sea, light from its many portholes streaming out into the night. As CAMERA moves in closer and closer to the boat, shooting along and toward its side, we hear the clean sound of a ship's prow cutting through the sea, then, from on deck, Cuban rhumba music.

X90A FULL SHOT - A BOAT DECK - NIGHT

CAMERA MOVES ALONG a boat deck, passing several lighted cabins until it pauses before a porthole that is totally black. This is the first unlighted cabin we have found.

X90B INT. UNLIGHTED PASSENGER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Meinike fully clad, is lying on his bunk, his hands behind his head, staring at the ceiling. A match flares at the porthole. He sees a pair of gloved hands holding a match to a bowl of a pipe. Its stem is taped.

X90C EXT. DECK - NIGHT

Wilson, his pipe drawing, tosses the match over the side.

X90D INT. SHIP'S CABIN - NIGHT

Meinike resumes staring at the ceiling. He is frowning now... worried. The ship's whistle sounds. Cuban rhumba music has continued throughout.

DISSOLVE TO:

X90E INT. CHURCH - DAY

Sunday services are being conducted. The Congregation has just begun to respond to the reading of a psalm.

CAMERA CRANES IN from LONG SHOT as Minister (offscene) begins to read. Directly in foreground is Longstreet pew, in which are standing Mary, Noah on one side of her, her father on the other. Sara stands by the Judge. In b.g. Potter, Dr. Lawrence and other villagers can be seen. Rankin is standing in the pew directly behind Mary, watching her.

During reading of first verse and response, CAMERA moves in to TIGHT TWO SHOT of Mary and Rankin.

X90E CONTINUED:

MINISTER
The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment.

CONGREGATION
The law of his God is in his heart; None of his steps shall slide.

MINISTER
The wicked watcheth the righteous, and seeketh to slay him.

RANKIN
(under Minister's voice)
Mary!
(Mary steps back, leans toward Rankin)

CONGREGATION
The Lord will not leave him in his hand, nor condemn him when he is judged.

MINISTER
Wait on the Lord, and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land:

RANKIN
Meet me by the bridge?
(Mary nods `yes')

CONGREGATION
When the wicked are cut off, thou shalt see it.

MINISTER
I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

RANKIN
Is it still going to be today?
(Mary nods `Yes' again)

CONGREGATION
Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not: yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

MINISTER
Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.

RANKIN
Are you sure?
(Mary nods `yes')

CONGREGATION
But the transgressors shall be destroyed together: the end of the wicked shall be cut off.

X90E CONTINUED: (2)

MINISTER
But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord: he is their strength in the time of trouble.

RANKIN
Don't you think, for your father's sake, you ought to take a little more time to make up your mind?

MARY
I've already made up my mind...
(turns her head to look at him whispers quickly)
...and I won't change it...
(joining in late)
...and deliver them:
(continues reading)

CONGREGATION
And the Lord shall help them, and deliver them: he shall deliver them from the wicked, and save them, because they trust in him.

91 CLOSE SHOT - MARY AND RANKIN AT LIVING ROOM DOOR

They stand before the door to the living room. They have paused for a moment. Mary looks up at Rankin, her hand on the doorknob.

RANKIN
You're sure now?

MARY
(looking up at him)
I'm sure.

Mary opens the door and starts in.

91A INT. LONGSTREET LIVING ROOM - DAY

CAMERA FOLLOWS Mary and Rankin as they walk through the door into the living room. Judge Longstreet, Lawrence and Noah have been waiting for them. The three, seated, react as the door opens and turn towards it.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
We were just about to organize a search party for you two.

MARY
(quietly)
I'm going to be married.

91A CONTINUED:

There is a stunned silence. Lawrence involuntarily rises.

RANKIN
(finally)
I hope that you won't mind too much, Judge Longstreet.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
I'm not sure that I shall mind at all. But I would like a minute to make up my mind.

LAWRENCE
Rankin... I can't possibly tell you how fortunate you are.
(turning to her)
Mary... I don't have to tell you what happiness I wish you.

MARY
Jeff... you were always the most wonderful person in the world.
(she kisses him)

LAWRENCE
(anxious to be off)
I'll see you later.

MARY
(her hand on his arm)
You'll do no such thing.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Mary... Charles...
(a little wryly)
I suppose that under the circumstances I may call you Charles.

RANKIN
(smiling)
I should be very pleased, sir.
(more seriously)
I realize what a difficult position this places you in. You and Mary should be able to discuss this alone. I can come back later...

MARY
(quietly)
But there's nothing to discuss.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Except that you have known each other such a short time.

91A CONTINUED: (2)

MARY
Time has nothing to do with it, Adam. Some people one can see year in and year out, and never know. Others, one knows right away. I knew Charles from the first.
(instinctively, the Judge looks towards the picture of his dead wife. Mary catches his glance)
Yes. Exactly.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(wryly)
I was afraid you'd bring that up.
(to Rankin)
I knew her mother only three weeks before we were married.

92 INT. LONGSTREET LIVING ROOM - DAY

He smiles at MARY. She looks up into his eyes.

MARY
(gravely)
It's all right, Adam, really.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(equally seriously. For the moment they are quite alone)
Quite sure, sister?

MARY
I'm twenty-four years old. Most girls have been engaged a dozen times by then. Or wanted to be.

LAWRENCE
You can't say you haven't had the opportunity.

MARY
(turning to him)
And it's only now, Jeff, that I know why I was never able to say yes. It wasn't that I didn't love you. I do. I always shall. But something was missing. And I didn't know what until I felt it.
(MORE)

92 CONTINUED:

MARY (CONT'D)
(she puts her hand in his)
I'm glad that you can hear this, Charles. Otherwise, I might never have been able to tell you. But I want you to know the kind of girl you're marrying.

RANKIN
(simply)
I do.

MARY
I want you to know why I love you. Because you're the first really eligible man I've ever known. Eligibility doesn't mean the right clubs, or the right manners, or the right banks. It means suitable. .and fitting. Well... it is fitting that I should spend my years with you...Bear your children...
(she pauses)
...cleave only unto you. That's what I did this afternoon, when you said I need have no fear. I cleaved unto you... and I had no fear. I knew I had taken the first step, and there could be no compromise... no turning back... regardless of where the road led.
(she breaks off, embarrassed)
And let that stand as the case for Mary Longstreet.

There is a moment of silence.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(breaking it)
The court concurs.

LAWRENCE
I've already said my piece.

MARY
(facing him)
Well, Noah... What have you got to say?

92 CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH
(looking at the floor)
I hope you will be very happy.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

93 FULL SHOT - BUS - HARPER SQUARE - DAY

CAMERA, on CRANE, follows bus for a FULL SHOT of Harper Square as bus drives around and parks across the street from Potter's.

94 INT. BUS - DAY

Meinike rises in his seat as the bus jerks to a sudden stop, almost throwing him off balance. A voice offscene calls, "Harper...Harper". Meinike reaches up to get his luggage from the rack when a man beside him says:

WILSON'S VOICE
Excuse me... That's my coat.

Wilson reaches up to get his overcoat, which has been thrown into rack over Meinike's bags. As he lifts the coat down, his pipe slips from one of its pockets and falls onto the seat beside Meinike.

Meinike stares at the mended pipe. He remembers where he has seen the pipe before and the realization frightens him. He grabs his luggage in great haste and scuttles down the aisle out of bus.

95 INT. POTTER'S - DAY

In the center are half a dozen tables, two of which are occupied by boys from the school, having sodas. Down the right side of the store is a soda fountain, behind which, on counters, are home made pies, etc. Counters display all the items that Harper students might require, from an eraser to a catcher's mitt.

Mr. Potter, an immensely fat New Englander, whose philosophy permits but one form of exercise - the punching of a cash register - sits comfortably in a swivel chair on a platform at the front of the store. He rests one of his arms on an extended window ledge at his side. This ledge forms a counter over which customers, from the newstand on the outside, are able to pay Potter without entering the store. Occasionally Potter opens the window which pulls down onto the counter to complete a deal with a customer. He wears a white coat and starched collar. His cash register is within reach.

95 CONTINUED:

Through the window we can see the bus parked on the opposite side of the street. Meinike comes around the bus, looks up and down the street, notices Potter's and crosses the square directly towards the store.

CAMERA PULLS BACK from window to catch Meinike as he enters the store.

The small radio beside Potter is going full blast. What we hear is a radio comedy program. The jokes are getting a big response from the studio audience.

Meinike stands uncertainly in the doorway for a moment, then goes to counter.

MEINIKE
(pointing to urn on shelf)
Coffee.

MR. POTTER
Get it yourself. Fresh made.

Meinike stares at him stupidly. Potter, with a big sigh, gets out of the swivel chair and goes over to get him the coffee.

While Potter is drawing the coffee, we see a schoolboy, in b.g., busily selecting a pie from the shelf and putting it in a paper bag.

Potter doesn't exactly say "damn foreigners" but we can see that's what he's thinking, as he puts the cup before Meinike.

MEINIKE
Thank you.

The schoolboy is now standing by the cash register and Potter moves down to him.

MR. POTTER
(to boy)
Ain't you supposed to be in trainin'?
(peeks in bag)
Eighty-five cents, all told.

The boy hands him a bill and Potter makes change. Boy exits.

Throughout this scene there is an elaborate sound patter: Potter's radio, the cash register bell, door opening and closing, boys' voices, etc.

96 MEINIKE AND POTTER

MEINIKE
These bags... I could leave them here?

MR. POTTER
Don't assume no responsibility.
(indicates a counter)
Put 'em back of that counter. They'll be here when you want 'em.

MEINIKE
(obeying instructions)
Thank you.

He turns from the counter to the telephone booth. Hanging from the wall is a directory. Meinike turns the pages, searching for a name. In b.g., we see three boys at a table and begin to hear their heated conversation above the other noises of the store as CAMERA MOVES IN ON THEM.

97 REAR TABLE - POTTER'S

Seated with his back to Meinike, is Noah. With him are Furman and Hollister. Never once, throughout this scene, does Noah notice Meinike, although he will pass near him on his way out.

FURMAN
Hastings punts better than Brown... And passes better too... but Brown is twice as good as Hastings on the defense.

NOAH
(consulting a notebook produced from his pocket)
He made eleven more tackles in the first three games.

HOLLISTER
Here's the lineup as I see it. Hastings, full back. Hope, right half. Allen, left half. And, of course, Russell will be quarter.

NOAH
(after a second's thought)
If Hastings is going in, wouldn't it be sound strategy to have Brown at left end...

97 CONTINUED:

During this speech, CAMERA MOVES AWAY from the group and Noah's voice trails off and fades away. We are back at the phone booth, hearing the riffling of pages as Meinike searches nervously.

PAST CAMERA, directly behind Meinike, walk Noah and his friends. They are all talking at once. CAMERA PANS THEM as they pay Potter and leave.

98 CLOSE SHOT - MEINIKE

He finds the name he is seeking and is now writing it carefully on a slip of paper. As he closes the book and starts folding the paper, getting ready to pocket it, he sees through the window:

99 EXT. POTTER'S (WHAT MEINIKE SEES)

Wilson is at the newstand rack before the store, pipe in mouth.

100 INT. POTTER'S - DAY

Two boys pass CAMERA f.g. on way out of store. Meinike stands stunned and motionless as they pass by.

CAMPBELL
My grandmother's coming up this weekend. That always means ten dollars.

PURVIS
All right. If you say so.

The two boys hurry from store as a school bell rings in the distance.

101 CLOSE SHOT - MEINIKE

As the panic returns to his eyes at sight of Wilson. His worst suspicions are confirmed.

102 FULLER SHOT - MEINIKE

He looks wildly about. There is no rear exit. He watches Wilson, who does not move but continues to study the magazines. Meinike starts to sidle out of the door but Potter stops him.

MR. POTTER
Here... you haven't had your coffee...

Meinike stops...comes back, drops a coin on the counter and hurries out. Potter looks after him.

102 CONTINUED:

MR. POTTER
(to himself)
A queer one.

103 EXT. POTTER'S - DAY

Wilson does not look up as Meinike sidles past with his loose kneed shuffle and starts across the square.

104 INT. POTTER'S - DAY

Potter glances out the window, sees Wilson at the magazine rack.

Wilson turns, looking off after Meinike. After a moment, he starts off across the square.

Potter, to whom this action is totally insignificant, leans comfortably back in his chair.

105 EXT. A STORE FRONT - DAY

Meinike is hiding. He has chosen a store front, whose plate glass windows angle gently out from the deeply recessed entrance to the shop. Meinike presses against the inside of the store front, a few feet in from the sidewalk. He is able to look out through the glass cases and thus can observe the street without being seen. Suddenly he stiffens, his eyes widen.

106 STREET FROM MEINIKE'S ANGLE - (THROUGH WINDOW)

Wilson is crossing the square. Unhurriedly, but inexorably, he moves towards Meinike.

107 EXT. A STORE FRONT - DAY

Meinike bolts from his hiding place. He is terrified. We hear his neurotic shuffle as he hurries off.

108 EXT. HARPER SCHOOL GATES - DAY

In immediate foreground is a bronze plaque:

HARPER SCHOOL FOR BOYS

ESTABLISHED 1827

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FULLER SHOT SCHOOL GATES. . Faintly, from within the grounds, we hear Meinike's distinctive shuffle. Wilson, making no noise, WALKS INTO SHOT. He stops midway between the gates. The shuffling sound ceases abruptly. Wilson waits a moment, listening. There is no sound from within. After a brief pause, he moves leisurely past the gates as though continuing on. The moment he resumes walking,

108 CONTINUED:

the shuffling from within the grounds recommences. Upon hearing this, Wilson turns, walks back to gates and enters the school grounds.

109 EXT. THE SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY CLOSE SHOT - DOOR OF GYMNASIUM

Posted on the door, in amateurish lettering is a sign which reads:

"BOYS! THIS IS YOUR GYM. PLEASE LEAVE IT AS YOU EXPECT TO FIND IT. Coach Roskie"

Meinike ENTERS SHOT, glances from side to side to make sure he is not followed, then opens the door and exits.

The door shuts hiding Meinike from view. CAMERA holds on door for a moment, then Wilson enters scene. He pauses briefly, apparently considering, then opens the door and enters.

110 INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Wilson enters a vast room, high ceilinged, its high windows protected by wire netting. On the floor are painted markings for basketball. Horses, parallel bars, wrestling mats are in evidence. But no sign of Meinike.

111 INT. GYMNASIUM - DOWN SHOT

Looking down from the balcony which runs around the room. Wilson's figure seems very small as he advances into the empty room...looking around for Meinike. His eyes start upwards towards the balcony. Through the air, an iron ring, suspended from a rope, swings down. It crashes against the side of Wilson's head as he turns. He falls, unconscious.

112 THE BALCONY

Meinike stands on the railing, looking down. CAMERA MOVES UP ON HIM as his lips move.

MEINIKE
(his crazed eyes alight)
I felled him from on high.

DISSOLVE TO:

113 INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF RANKIN'S HOUSE ON CAMPUS - DAY

The room is charmingly furnished. Evident in it are several articles of furniture previously seen in the Longstreet home, including the grandfather's clock. MARY, in a tweed suit, is standing on a chair, hanging curtains, as the knocker on the door falls heavily, three times. She gets down and crosses eagerly towards the front door, CAMERA PANNING to follow

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED:

her. She throws the door wide and is face to face with MEINIKE.

114 INT. RANKIN HOUSE HALLWAY

Before MARY can speak, MEINIKE has sidled past her into the hallway.

MEINIKE
(breathlessly)
I may come in, please.
(MARY looks at him, startled. He pauses, then:)
Does Mr. Charles Rankin live here?

MARY
He's not in.

MEINIKE
(without removing his hat)
You expect him?

MARY
(glancing at her watch)
He should be here shortly.

MEINIKE
How soon?

MARY
Oh, ten or fifteen minutes.

MEINIKE
I may wait?

MARY is ill at ease with this strange intense man who still wears his hat.

MARY
(having no alternative)
Of course.

She closes the door. He follows her into the living room, CAMERA PRECEDING THEM. He sits down, his hat still on, as MARY goes back to her curtains. She glances at MEINIKE once or twice, then breaks the silence.

MARY
Are you a friend of Mr. Rankin's?

MEINIKE
(tonelessly)
Yes... a friend.

114 CONTINUED:

MARY
(trying to set him at his ease)
I'm Mary Longstreet. How do you do.

MEINIKE makes no move to rise but simply repeats.

MEINIKE
How do you do.

The silence sets in again. MARY makes another effort.

MARY
Mr. Rankin should be here now. Sometimes he remains after class, but today he'll be coming straight here, I'm sure. You see, it's our wedding day.

MEINIKE
(looking up... with the same tonelessness)
He's getting married?

MARY
At six o'clock.
(MEINIKE regards her with expressionless eyes)
I know it's most unconventional of me, being here today. But I wanted to see these curtains.

There is another pause, this time a very long one. Then:

MEINIKE
When he comes... which way does he come?

MARY
(pointing through window)
From Webster Hall... that's the big domed building.

MEINIKE
(rises and moves towards door)
I shall meet him.

Before Mary can answer, he is gone. Returning to the window, she watches him retreat towards the big domed building in the b.g.

115 EXT. STREET NEAR RANKIN HOUSE - DAY

Rankin is walking down street. He does not notice Meinike, standing a few feet away just off the sidewalk, waiting for him.

Several boys on bicycles wheel past CAMERA and out of shot while Rankin comes closer and closer to Meinike.

Meinike's eyes begin to shine and his mouth to tremble. He allows Rankin to continue past him. Then:

MEINIKE
Franz...

TRAVELING SHOT, RANKIN. He hesitates... then stops. But he does not turn.

CLOSE SHOT - MEINIKE

MEINIKE
(softly)
It's I... Franz.

MEDIUM SHOT as Rankin turns. Meinike comes toward him.

RANKIN
(quietly)
Turn right... towards the woods.
I'll follow you. Keep to the path.

Meinike hesitates, then obeys. On a CLOSE SHOT of RANKIN'S FACE, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

116 EXT. WOODS - DAY

Beside a rustic bridge, Rankin stands waiting. Meinike crosses the bridge. As they come face to face, they embrace with awkward formality. Then Rankin takes a step backward, still holding Meinike by the shoulders.

RANKIN
(exclaims)
Meinike...

MEINIKE
Yes... Meinike.

RANKIN
I thought...

116 CONTINUED:

MEINIKE
...I had been hanged?
(Rankin nods slowly)
The others, but not I. A dead man could not stand face to face with you, Franz.

Again they embrace. There is something strange and ritualistic about its performance beneath the bare trees of the bleak autumn woods. In b.g., a boy, wearing track pants and singlet, runs past, leaving behind him a trail of shredded paper from a sack slung over one shoulder.

RANKIN
You are not much changed... fatter, some gray hairs. But put you back in uniform and you'd look almost the same.

MEINIKE
(gravely)
I am a different man, Franz, than before.

CAMERA PULLS AHEAD OF THEM as they advance through the woods.

RANKIN
And I, too, Conrad. I am different. You know how I gathered and destroyed every single item in Germany and Poland that might have served as a clue to my identity. Only my heart knows who I am... and you, Conrad, who of all the people in the world is nearest to it.
(he laughs)
Guess what I shall be doing at six o'clock. I shall be standing before a minister of the Gospel with a woman's hand in mine. She is the daughter of a Justice of the United States Supreme Court, a famous liberal.
(he laughs)
She's even good to look at.
(his face sobers)
Yes... Meinike. The camouflage is perfect. Who would look for Franz Kindler in the sacred precincts of the Harper School, surrounded by the sons of America's first families. And hidden I shall remain until the day when we strike again.

116 CONTINUED: (2)

MEINIKE
(stopping)
There will be another war?

RANKIN
Of course.

MEINIKE
No, Franz... No!.. "War is an abomination", saith the Lord.

Rankin looks at Meinike keenly. The little man's face is aglow. In the distance, high excited boys' voices rise and fade as they pursue the paper trail.

MEINIKE
It is to tell you this that I am here. He set me free that I might come here and say these things.

RANKIN
(sharply)
Who set you free?

MEINIKE
(trembling with excitement)
The All Highest...

RANKIN
You don't mean -?

MEINIKE
I mean God. You don't know me, Franz. I am a new man since I found him.

RANKIN
never thought to see you, Conrad, a religious mania -

MEINIKE
You don't believe, Franz - but look, I am here - All doors were open to me. It was one of God's miracles.

RANKIN
They freed you so you'd lead them to me.
(intently)
Have you been followed?
(Meinike nods)
Were you followed here?

MEINIKE
Yes.

116 CONTINUED: (3)

RANKIN
Who followed you?

MEINIKE
The Evil One. He was dressed like any man. He even smoked a pipe. But I recognized him through his disguise, and I killed him. . . striking down from above. God's will be done.

RANKIN
You killed him... the man with the pipe who followed you. .?
(Meinike nods)
...And no one else has followed you...?
(Meinike shakes his head)
You're sure..?

MEINIKE
(nods again, takes a Bible from his pocket)
You must be brought to salvation, Franz. Confess your sins, as I have. Proclaim your guilt... from rooftops... in an awful voice that can be heard in the earth's far corners... Only thus can you attain salvation.

RANKIN
You think so, Conrad?

MEINIKE
It will take strength. Such strength as can come only from God. Kneel by me, Franz... and together we will pray to Him to give you strength.
(he kneels, palms together, eyes closed)
"I have sinned against Heaven and before Thee. I am not worthy to be called Thy son." Say the words after me. "I despair of my sins".

All expression leaves Rankin's face. His eyes dull, his mouth hangs slightly open.

RANKIN
(repeating as he falls to his knees...eyes fixed on Meinike)
"I despair of my sins..."

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (4)

MEINIKE
"Oh God of all goodness, how could I ever have offended Thee"...

RANKIN
"Oh God of all goodness..."

His hands close around Meinike's throat. At first the smaller man's arms thresh the ground but presently his body goes limp. Rankin's hands grow tirod. He takes them away and Meinike's body falls backwards so that he lies with legs bent frogwise. After an interval, Rankin kneels beside Meinike's body and again takes it by the throat. This time his hands remain, vise like, until there is no longer any question that Meinike is dead.

OVER SCENE, the sound of the paper chase is heard, growing louder. Rankin listens. Then he moves quickly to cover the body with leaves. But time does not permit.

117 EXT. WOODS - DAY

A group of boys from the school, clad in track pants and singlets, race quickly along, following the paper trail. They reach the small gully. Several try the bridge, the plank fairly jumping beneath them.

Others slide down the bank and cross noisily on stone in the creek bed, splashing along heedlessly at breakneck speed.

They converge on the opposite side of the creek, taking a slight break in stride to find the trail again. Then, with excited cries, they are off again, like hounds at bay.

The group of boys are now loping along through the woods, still intent on the chase. There is much noise as they crash through the undergrowth, dodge around trees, leap over fallen logs, etc. - all the while shouting instructions to one another.

118 EXT. WOODS - DAY

The voices are growing louder every moment. His eyes search the ground to see if, by any chance, the trail runs nearby. Telltale scraps of paper show that it does. Now, through the bare trees he sees the runners approaching.

Rankin stoops quickly and picks up the Bible where it fell from Meinike's hand. Tearing pages from it, he runs in a wide arc, establishing a new trail to carry the chase away from Meinike's body.

Out of breath, he returns to stand guard. His eyes watch the chase as it branches off to follow the new trail. The boys disappear in the distance.

118 CONTINUED:

Rankin looks down at Meinike's lifeless body and begins to kick leaves over it. He dry washes his hands.

DISSOLVE TO:

119 INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON - CLOSE SHOT - RANKIN'S HAND

Holding Mary's glove rolled to wrist. OVER SCENE, the voice of the RECTOR.

RECTOR'S VOICE
"Dearly Beloved... we are gathered here together..."

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO:

120 INT. CHURCH - LATE AFTERNOON

Rankin and Mary stand before the altar. The Judge is at her elbow. Dr. Lawrence at Rankin's. Noah is in the Longstreet pew.

RECTOR
"...in the sight of God and man to join this man and this woman..."

As he continues the words of the ritual...

DISSOLVE TO:

121 INT. GYMNASIUM - LATE AFTERNOON

Wilson lies as he fell. CAMERA MOVES UP ON HIM as he raises his eyelids. He looks out through dazed eyes. Slowly, memory returns to him. He struggles to his feet, sways drunkenly. His hand reaches for a wall to steady him. He looks down to see his hat and pipe lying on the floor. With difficulty, he regains them. Then he staggers out into the late afternoon.

DISSOLVE TO:

122 INT. POTTER'S - LATE AFTERNOON FULL SHOT - HARPER SQUARE - (THROUGH DRUG STORE WINDOW)

Across the square, coming out of the church, are Mary and Rankin. Some of their guests are waiting on the steps to greet and congratulate them; others now move out of the church behind the bride and groom. There is much activity.

Wilson begins to move across CAMERA f.g.. He glances off at the wedding party. As he walks out of shot, CAMERA PULLS BACK and we are aware for the first time that CAMERA has been shooting through window of Potter's store.

122 CONTINUED:

CAMERA PULLS BACK to Wilson as he enters the shop. Wilson, hat on, crosses to the counter behind which Potter sits.

WILSON
(as he comes through door)
Good afternoon.

MR. POTTER
Afternoon.

WILSON
(nodding off towards church)
Wedding?

MR. POTTER
Yeah. Judge Longstreet's daughter. He's the Soopreme Court Justice, 'y know.

WILSON
A bottle of aspirin, please.

MR. POTTER
(pointing)
Over there... third shelf down from the top. You'll see the big ones on the left - economy size.

Wilson looks at him for a moment, grins, gets the idea.

WILSON
Right.

He goes to the shelf.

MR. POTTER
You stayin' up to Mrs. Johnson's?

WILSON
(as he gets the aspirin)
A few days only.
(he comes back to counter with the bottle)
Some coffee too, please.
(smiles)
Or should I get it myself.

MR. POTTER
(wearily)
Cafeteria style. I can't get no help nowadays.

122 CONTINUED: (2)

WILSON
(now behind counter drawing a cup of coffee)
Who's Miss Longstreet marrying?

MR. POTTER
One of the teachers down at the school. Stranger in town. I issued the license.

WILSON
(interestedly, coming around opposite Potter, carrying cup)
Oh?

MR. POTTER
Yeah. I'm town clerk [...]

WILSON
[...].

MR. POTTER
(making move)
Town Clerk runs the town, you might say... We'll make it 25¢ a game.

WILSON
(making counter move)
Okay... You must know just about everybody in Harper?

MR. POTTER
Not just about. Know everybody.
(his tone changing)
Here on business?
(Wilson nods)
School business?
(Wilson shakes his aching head)
Sellin' somethin'?
(again Wilson shakes his head)
Buyin'?

Wilson's eyes search the room. They see a sign. It announces a sale of antiques. Wilson points to it.

MR. POTTER
Oh... antique dealer. They all come to Harper.
(MORE)

122 CONTINUED: (3)

MR. POTTER (CONT'D)
(Wilson nods)
He takes out his handkerchief with which he casually touches his head below the hat brim. Then he folds the handkerchief to conceal the telltale spot of blood. Judge Longstreet's got the best collection in these parts. Wouldn't do you no good though.

WILSON
No. I don't suppose he'd sell.
(casually)
Happen to know if there are any other out of town buyers here?

MR. POTTER
Mebbe... mebbe not. I can generally spot 'em. They got that bird dog look. But, this feller, I just ain't certain. Wasn't in here but a minute. Just looks in the phone book.

WILSON
Wonder who he could have been calling?

MR. POTTER
Didn't call nobody. Just looked and skedaddled. Left his suitcases. Middle sized feller... bit of flesh on him... gray hair.

Wilson, lost, thinking about this, makes a bad move and Potter triumphantly jumps three men. Wilson looks quizzically startled.

MR. POTTER
(with great unction and satisfaction)
It's a game you gotta keep your mind on.

DISSOLVE TO:

123 INT. LONGSTREET HOME - NIGHT

The wedding reception is in progress. Most of Harper is present, both school and town, as well as representative Washington.

CAMERA, on CRANE, MOVES THROUGH THE CROWD WITH MARY, who still carries her bridal bouquet. She stops by old Mrs. Lawrence, whose grandson is at her elbow.

123 CONTINUED:

MRS. LAWRENCE
I won't pretend I'm not disappointed, Jeffrey. I always thought Mary would make a very satisfactory granddaughter.

LAWRENCE
(simply)
Want me to tell you something, Kate? I'm a little disappointed myself.

They exit into hallway.

124 INT. LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

Mary comes to a group surrounding her father.

MARY
Has anyone seen my brand new husband?

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Don't tell me he's deserted you already.

MARY
(pushing back his lock of hair)
Looks as if. The brute.
(she turns to find Red at her heels)
Red... where's Charles?

DISSOLVE TO:

125 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT

A SPADE as it is driven into the earth, a man's patent leather shod foot pressing down on it. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO A WIDER ANGLE. Rankin has dug a deep pit beneath the trees, in which he now stands. The moonlight, shining through the branches, throws dancing shadows over the scene. Satisfied with its width and depth, Rankin scrambles out of the grave. He drops his spade and goes to Meinike's body, a few feet away and drags it to the graveside, tumbling it in face downwards. Then, hurriedly, he begins piling in the earth over it.

DISSOLVE TO:

126 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The grave filled, Rankin, on his hands and knees, meticulously arranges dead leaves over it. Straightening up, he allows

126 CONTINUED:

himself to relax for a moment. He fumbles through his pockets until he finds a cigarette.

DISSOLVE TO:

127 INT. LONGSTREET HOME - NIGHT

Noah is reporting to Mary who stands beside Lawrence.

NOAH
I've looked everywhere, Mary And I can't find him.

MARY
(to Lawrence... concealing real anxiety)
But where could he be? I'm getting worried.

RANKIN'S VOICE IS HEARD

RANKIN'S VOICE
(Over Scene)
Are you, darling? What about?

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include him as he reaches her side. He wears a slack suit.

MARY
Oh... you've changed.

RANKIN
Don't you think you'd better? Weren't we supposed to go on a honeymoon or something?

MARY
Give me five minutes.

FADE OUT:

SCENES 128 TO 135 - OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

FADE IN:

136 CLOSE SHOT - BOOK AND PIPE On a small table. A large, official-looking book, a pipe placed across one corner of it, lies on a table. Near them we can see a man's hand, writing something on a page.

137 INSERT - COVER OF BOOK

The pipe across one corner not obscuring the title which reads: american ANTIQUES New England

138 BACK TO BOOK AND PIPE

CAMERA PANS OVER toward the page to see what the man is writing.

139 INSERT - A PAGE

It is headed: ARRIVALS IN HARPER SINCE 1943.

Beneath this are eight names, through the top six of which a thin line has been drawn. The seventh and eighth names on the page are SAUNDERS SCUDDER and CHARLES RANKIN. An entry after the names establishes their occupations as teachers at the Harper School.

Wilson's pencil draws the same thin line through their names. Then drops the pencil on the table.

140 INT. WILSON'S ROOM - DAY

Wilson tilts back in his chair, frowning thoughtfully. He has come to the end of the road. His eyes wander out the window. What he sees jerks him upright.

141 THE VILLAGE SQUARE

Wilson is looking straight across at the clock tower. The hands of the clock move...stop...move again...and stop.

142 INT. WILSON'S ROOM

Wilson whirls from the window, shoves the papers on table into his pocket, snatches up his hat, and exits.

143 INT. CHURCH

Wilson, removing hat, enters, crosses the length of the church and starts up the stairs leading into the belfry...CAMERA following.

144 INT. BELFRY

Wilson ascends into it. There is solid flooring over the section of the belfry beneath the bell ropes. Beyond it, however, there is an empty space with rafters showing and beyond them, far below, the church itself. Over this gaping hole a ladder leads to another story in which the workings of the clock are housed. Wilson takes hold of the ladder. It is old and none too safe. He starts to climb it.

145 INT. LANDING

Wilson gets off the ladder, takes one step to an open door leading into the clock tower itself. He pauses, surprised.

146 INT. CLOCK TOWER

Wilson sees Noah, back turned, wiping the clock's works with a cloth. Wilson comes forward as Noah, surprised at the interruption, faces him.

WILSON
Hello there.

NOAH
(politely)
Hello.

WILSON
(examining the works)
Trying to make it run?

NOAH
No, sir. I'm just cleaning around it.

WILSON
(examining the works more closely)
Quite a clock, isn't it?
(casually)
Oh, by the way, my name's Wilson.

NOAH
I'm Noah Longstreet.

WILSON
(betraying no interest in the name as he peers into the clock's works)
Late Sixteenth Century, I'd guess. Probably by Hobrecht of Strasbourg.

NOAH
I wouldn't know. My brother-in-law plans to work on it.

WILSON
Oh.
(he busies himself, filling his pipe)
Is he an expert?

NOAH
(shrugging)
I guess so. My sister says he wants to work on it as soon as they get back from their honeymoon.
(MORE)

146 CONTINUED:

NOAH (CONT'D)
(Wilson lights his pipe, drawing on it carefully. Noah has no alternative but to continue)
They have to be back on Friday because of examinations. He's one of the teachers at the school. His name is Rankin.

WILSON
Oh.

He continues drawing on his pipe.

DISSOLVE TO:

147 INT. LONGSTREET LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - CLOSE SHOT - A SILVER INK STAND

CAMERA PULLS BACK to include a table on which it stands, a glass of sherry beside it. CAMERA CONTINUES BACK. Wilson, pipe in mouth, sits examining the stand meticulously. Judge Longstreet, toying with a glass of sherry, looks down contentedly. In b.g., Noah sits in a big chair, reading. Wilson picks up the stand and moves with it to a better light. The Judge stays with him. The Judge lightly touches the filigreed edge, as though afraid Wilson won't notice it. Wilson looks up and smiles. Then turns the stand over. Holding it in one hand, he points with his pipe stem towards the hall mark. The Judge nods.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Thought you'd like it. It's nice to show it to somebody who knows what Revere silver's all about. But, personally, my specialty is pewter.

WILSON
(a little absently- not wanting to get caught on a subject he's not boned up on)
Yes... ...pewter.
(then, brightening, as he remembers a quote from the book he's been studying)
The Revere workmanship, although a little heavy in design sometimes, invariably shows the work of a master craftsman.
(MORE)

147 CONTINUED:

WILSON (CONT'D)
(looks at Judge, wondering if it's going over)
A door slams offscene.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
There's Mary now.

Noah rises eagerly. Wilson stiffens slightly in anticipation of his meeting with Rankin. He carefully restores the ink stand to its place on the desk. He has noted Noah's eagerness to see his sister.

148 INT. LIVING ROOM

The door opens. Mary comes into the room. She puts her arms around her father, kisses him, then embraces Noah. Wilson, glass in hand, looks on, smiling.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Mary, my dear...this is...

149 INT. LIVING ROOM

But before he can complete Wilson's introduction, Rankin appears in the doorway.

RANKIN
Good evening.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Welcome home, Charles...

RANKIN
Thank you, sir. Hello Longstreet...

Wilson sets down the glass of sherry to conceal his trembling hand.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Mr. Wilson... my daughter, Mary...
My son-in-law, Charles Rankin.

MARY
How do you do, Mr. Wilson. You must forgive me.

RANKIN
(shaking hands with him)
How do you do, sir.

149 CONTINUED:

WILSON
(in complete control of himself)
I hope you won't mind my intruding on your homecoming.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(pouring sherry for them)
How were the mountains?

MARY
Perfect. And you ought to see Charles on skiis. I was good, too, wasn't I, Charles... for a beginner?

RANKIN
Very.

NOAH
Did you remember to keep your knees together and your apparatus in.

SARA
(in doorway)
Dinner is served.

MARY
(making a moue at Noah)
Yes... I remembered.
(to Sara's embarrassed delight, she embraces her)
Hello, Sara.

SARA
(squirming)
Welcome home, Miss Mary.

Lawrence enters.

LAWRENCE
Good evening, Mary... Judge. How are you, Charles.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(shaking hands)
Evening, Jeff. Dr. Lawrence, Mr. Wilson.

LAWRENCE
(shaking hands)
Oh, we've met. How's the head?

149 CONTINUED: (2)

WILSON
Much improved, Doctor, thanks to you.

LAWRENCE
(accepting a glass from the Judge)
Thank you, Judge.
(turns to the boy)
Hello, Noah...

SARA
If you don't set down, it'll get cold.

150 TRAVELING SHOT

CAMERA MOVES AHEAD OF THEM as they move into the STUDY where a table is set.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Mr. Wilson here is compiling a catalogue of Paul Revere silver.

MARY
What fun. Won't you sit here, Mr. Wilson.

She seats him between her father in his accustomed place, and Lawrence. Then sits between Noah and her husband.

151 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

NOAH
(to Rankin)
Mr. Wilson is also an authority on clocks.

Rankin, his glass of water halfway to his lips, pauses.

MARY
Really! Why, that's Charles' hobby.

WILSON
So your brother informs me.
(turning to Rankin)
I understand you're going to fix the one in the church tower?

RANKIN
I may try.

WILSON
Quite an undertaking.

151 CONTINUED:

MARY
To show the kind of wife I am, I hope he fails. I like Harper as it is...even to the clock that doesn't run.

As the scene progresses, Sara moves around the table, serving dinner. Red, the setter dog, has followed them into the room and settled himself beside Mary.

RANKIN
How long have you been in Harper, Mr. Wilson?

Wilson hesitates. Perhaps Rankin's questioning is not idle. If this is Kuhn, Meinike is sure to have told him he was followed.

WILSON
Since Friday, a week ago.

LAWRENCE
(looking up quickly)
You've lost a day. I patched you up on Friday. You were hurt on Thursday. The day of the wedding.

Rankin's fork poises, midway to its destination.

WILSON
(if this is Kuhn, the cat is now out of the bag)
That's right. Wednesday I left Bangor.

RANKIN
You were hurt, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON
Nothing serious.

LAWRENCE
Serious enough to raise a bump on his head the size of a billiard ball.

Rankin's last doubts are removed. This is the Devil that pursued Meinike to Harper.

WILSON
(to the table at large)
The usual door.

Red raises up on his haunches and puts his head on Mary's lap.

151 CONTINUED: (2)

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Good thing you're back, Sister. That dog of yours has been inconsolable.

MARY
(lifting a scrap of meat from her plate)
That's for missing me, Red.
(she turns to her father)
How was your meeting, Adam?

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Irritating...
(explaining to Wilson)
The Foreign Policy Association.

NOAH
I read Mr. Standish's report. I think he's full of prunes.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
That's the way we used to talk in the 1930's, Noah.

LAWRENCE
Standish?

WILSON
The London Times man in Berlin.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Of course, he quoted rumors, mostly. Men drilling by night... underground meeting places... pagan rituals.

Wilson glances at Rankin for a reaction. There is none.

NOAH
Do you believe them, Pop?

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Anything's possible.

LAWRENCE
It's ridiculous. Perhaps there are some still to be uncovered fanatics, but no German in his right mind can have any taste for war now.

WILSON
Were you overseas, Doctor?

151 CONTINUED: (3)

LAWRENCE
My unit was attached to Patton's Third Army.

WILSON
Then your opinion was formed at close range. Do you know Germany, Mr. Rankin?

RANKIN
(easily)
I'd better keep out of this. I've a way of making myself very unpopular when I start on Germany.

WILSON
We shall consider it the objective opinion of an objective historian.

RANKIN
A psychologist could better explain it than an historian... however! The German sees himself as the innocent victim of world envy and hatred... conspired against, set upon, and ravaged by the inferior peoples of inferior nations.
(Wilson is fascinated; Mary and her father, surprised; Lawrence skeptical; only Noah continues his dinner)
Believing himself a superior being, he will not admit to error, much less to wrong doing. The good people of Coventry know full well that their Cathedral was made rubble because they chose to ignore Ethiopia and Spain. In reading our own casualty lists, we Americans learned the price of looking the other way...

RANKIN
...Men of truth came to know for whom the bell tolled. But not the German. He cannot face the truth... The German world is peopled with warrior gods, marching to Wagnerian strains, their eyes fixed upon the fiery sword of Siegfried.
(MORE)

151 CONTINUED: (4)

RANKIN (CONT'D)
(he pauses, glances from one face to the other, ending on Wilson)
In those subterranean meeting places... that you do not believe in... the German's dream world comes alive, and he takes his place in shining armor beneath the banners of the Teutonic Knights. Mankind awaits the Messiah. And so does the German. But not the Prince of Peace. Instead, another Siegfried, another Barbarossa, another Hitler. A new god breathing fire and promising vengeance.

WILSON
Then you have no faith, Mr. Rankin, in the reforms that are being effected in Germany.

RANKIN
You can't reform a people from without. That comes from within. Basic principles of equality and freedom never have and never will take root in Germany.
(continuing eagerly)
The will to freedom has been voiced in every tongue... except the German. "All men are created equal." "Liberte, egalite, fraternite..." But, in German...

NOAH
(interrupting quietly)
There's Marx: "Proletarians, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains."

RANKIN
Marx wasn't a German. Marx was a Jew.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Great heavens, Charles... if we concede your argument... there is no solution.

RANKIN
Once again, I differ.

WILSON
What is it then?

(CONTINUED)

151 CONTINUED: (5)

RANKIN
Annihilation... down to the last babe in arms.

Wilson lowers his fork. He has come to a final dead end.

MARY
(disturbed... a little worried)
Charles... I can't imagine you advocating a Carthaginian peace.

RANKIN
(smiling)
Well, as an historian, I must tell you the world hasn't had any trouble with Carthage in a good many hundreds of years.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
There speaks our pedagogue...

MARY
(brightening)
Talking of school teachers, Mr. Wilson - the school faculty is looking forward to meeting you. They're all coming to tea on Tuesday and I promised them I'd snare you. Can I?

WILSON
I wish I could but my work here is finished. I shall be leaving Harper tomorrow.

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENES 152 - 153 - 154 - OMITTED

Sequence omitted from original script.

155 INT. RANKIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Mary and Rankin enter. Rankin closes the door, turns on the lights as Mary says:

MARY
Extraordinary, isn't it... clocks being Mr. Wilson's hobby too?

RANKIN
Very.

Mary stoops to pat Red who has been exploring the room.

155 CONTINUED:

MARY
Well, Red, like your new home?
(Red wags his tail)
He says he likes it.
(she rises, yawning)
I'm going to bed.

RANKIN
(quickly)
I'll take Red out.

MARY
Just let him out. He won't run off.

RANKIN
I'm restless. I need the walk. Come along, Red.

In the doorway to the hall, she leans against him.

MARY
Love me?

He kisses her. She lays her head against his chest and he holds her briefly in his arms. Then she turns and starts up the stairs. Rankin snaps his fingers for Red and goes out the door.

DISSOLVE:

156 EXT. THE RANKIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Rankin comes out, closing the door behind him. Then, with long, hurried strides, moves unhesitatingly towards the woods. Red follows him.

156A INT. WILSON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He is sitting at the phone in his shirtsleeves.

WILSON
(into telephone)
I'll be in Washington tomorrow afternoon. You were quite right about Rankin. He's above suspicion.

DISSOLVE TO:

157 EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Rankin enters and, as he finds Meinike's grave undisturbed, his face lights up with relief. He fishes a cigarette from his pocket and lights it, as he looks down at the leaf-strewn mound of earth. Then, CAMERA MOVING AHEAD OF HIM, he turns and starts for home. After a few paces, he realizes that Red

(CONTINUED)

157 CONTINUED:

is not at his heels. He turns and snaps his fingers. When Red fails to appear, he whistles. Then:

RANKIN
Here, Red... here, boy...

He waits a moment. Red does not appear. He starts back whence he came.

158 BESIDE MEINIKE'S GRAVE

Rankin reenters and looks towards the grave. His eyes narrow.

159 MEINIKE'S GRAVE

Rankin sees Red, his forepaws industriously digging into the already frozen earth, the leaves scattered in all directions.

160 BESIDE THE GRAVE

Red continues his digging as Rankin watches him. Suddenly, without warning, Rankin kicks out with all his strength, hitting Red in the ribs. At the moment of contact:

161 INT. WILSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wilson, lying in bed, suddenly sits bolt upright as though awakened by Rankin's kick.

He switches on a light and gets to his feet. Then hurries to the desk, seats himself, and picks up the phone.

WILSON
(into phone)
Uh... Get me long distance, please...
I want Washington, D. C....

162 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Red has dug into the soft earth of Meinike's grave, disarranging it. Rankin is carefully putting the grave in order again, covering it with leaves and dirt.

163 INT. WILSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wilson is continuing his telephone conversation.

WILSON
(into phone)
(MORE)

163 CONTINUED:

WILSON (CONT'D)
...Well... who but a Nazi would deny that Karl Marx was a German because he was a Jew... Yeah... I think I'll stick around for a while.
(hangs up receiver and sits staring out the window thoughtfully)

DISSOLVE TO:

164 INT. RANKIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rankin, in pyjamas and dressing gown, emerges from the dressing room. He stands for a second, looking down at the sleeping figure of his wife. The lights, from the room beside him shine across her bed. In her sleep, she stirs fitfully and whimpers, childlike. Suddenly her body jerks spasmodically and she is awake. She stares up at her husband, frightened.

RANKIN
What is it, darling?

MARY
(dazedly)
I was dreaming.
(brushing her hand across her eyes)
The little man.

RANKIN
(sitting beside her)
What little man?

MARY
I told you about him... he came here... the day we were married...
(she shakes her head)
Give me a cigarette.

RANKIN
(lighting one for her)
Oh... yes. I remember.

He hands her the lighted cigarette. She puffs on it gratefully.

MARY
I never had a dream like it before. The little man was walking, all by himself, across a deserted city square.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

164 CONTINUED:

MARY (CONT'D)
Wherever he moved, he threw a shadow. And the shadow remained on the ground after he had passed, stretching out behind him like an endless carpet.
(she stops, takes another puff on the cigarette... then, with an abrupt change of tone)
I wish you could think who he might have been, Charles.

RANKIN
(smoothing her hair with his hand)
You're ever tired, dear.

MARY
(smiling at him)
All right. It's silly of me.
(she starts to put out her cigarette. There is the howl of a dog, long, drawn out, ghostly. She starts in surprise)
What was that?
(Rankin doesn't answer. The howl is heard again)
It must be Red.
(she starts getting out of bed)
What in the world...

RANKIN
(quietly)
I put him in the cellar.

MARY
(startled)
No wonder he's howling. He's never been locked up in his life.

RANKIN
This is a new place to him. If he got out, he might run off and get lost.

Red howls again, the sound dying away in a moan.

164 CONTINUED: (2)

MARY
(her feet fumbling for the mules beside the bed)
Red get lost? In Harper? Why, he knows every inch of the country for miles around. Poor Red, let him out quickly.

RANKIN
(quietly)
No, Mary.

MARY
Silly! Then I shall.
(she starts towards the door)

RANKIN
(intercepting her)
Mary, if Red is to live with us, he must be trained. At night he will sleep in the cellar. In the daytime he will be kept on a leash.

MARY
Charles... this is ridiculous.

She starts to pass him. He puts his hands on her arms, restraining her.

RANKIN
I forbid you, Mary.

MARY
(facing him)
But I don't believe in dogs being treated like prisoners. And Red is my dog.

RANKIN
(gently)
And you're my wife, Mary... Please, darling - I know what's best...

Their eyes stay met for a long moment. Finally, a decision reached, Mary turns away. Rankin's eyes follow her as she moves back towards the bed.

165 CLOSE UP - MARY

All lights on the set, except one, go out. This light shines directly in Mary's puzzled face then it, too, blinks out. Red's unhappy wail rises over the scene.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

166 EXT. SQUARE - DAY

Noah, coming back from school, bicycles along down street past Harper Inn, Red trotting along beside him. Noah's face lights up with pleasure as he sees Wilson, who has been sitting in a wickor chair on the porch of the hotel.

NOAH
(his bicycle wavering as he slows it)
Hello, Mr. Wilson. I thought you'd be gone by now.

WILSON
(gravely)
Looks as though I'd be staying on for a time.

He gets up and comes down steps to Noah who has dropped off his bicycle.

WILSON
Hi there, Red. Thought you'd gone to live with your mistress.

By this time Wilson has come up to Noah and the dog. He starts on down the street in direction in which Noah was traveling. He is going to keep him company. Noah walks his bike along, CAMERA SLIGHTLY PRECEDES THEM:

NOAH
Mary brought him home this morning. Said he howled all night.

167 EXT. STEPS OF CHURCH - DAY

Mary starts up steps into church, stops. ANGLED ACROSS HER, we see, in front of the Harper Inn, Wilson and Noah talking. Mary looks at them a moment then turns and goes into the church.

168 EXT. SQUARE - DAY - WILSON AND NOAH

Wilson is frowning. They cross a short bridge. Wilson pauses to knock the bowl of his pipe against the railing. The boy

168 CONTINUED:

starts to say something but changes his mind. Wilson's gravity has made him suddenly shy and embarrassed.

WILSON
Young man, can you keep a secret?

NOAH
(surprised)
Why... yes, sir... I think so.

WILSON
I need your help very badly.

NOAH
(more mystified)
Mine?

WILSON
(giving him one of his rare smiles)
As a matter of fact, you're the only one can help me.
(he pauses. Noah looks up at him)
Noah... your sister may be in great trouble.

NOAH
Mary!
(Wilson nods)
What kind of trouble?

WILSON
The truth is I'm not really an antique dealer, Noah.
(he pauses. Noah doesn't understand. He goes on, very simply)
I'm sort of a detective.

They begin to move past the church.

NOAH
(very quietly, after a pause)
What do you want me to do, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON
Noah... I want to know every move Charles Rankin made on the day of his wedding. Up to the time of the ceremony itself.

168 CONTINUED: (2)

NOAH
(Frowning)
I should be able...
(a new thought)
...unless Charles realizes what I'm doing.

WILSON
I'll keep him busy.

They have arrived at the church steps. There is a pause.

NOAH
(incredulity reasserting itself)
Gee, Mr. Wilson, you must be wrong. Mary would never fall in love with a criminal.

WILSON
I hope I'm wrong, Noah. But unfortunately people can't help who they fall in love with.

Noah mounts his bike and rides away. Wilson goes into the church.

DISSOLVE TO:

169 INT. CLOCK TOWER - AFTERNOON

The cast iron ANGEL stands in one corner as MARY, a smock covering her, finishes gilding it. The floor is strewn with gears and meshes and RANKIN, lying on the floor, is adjusting the works of the clock below him. The door opens and WILSON enters.

MARY
(surprised)
Why, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON
Good afternoon.

Rankin, pliers in hand, rises to his feet.

MARY
So you didn't leave?

WILSON
I'm due for a vacation and it occurred to me that the most pleasant one I could spend would be here...
(MORE)

169 CONTINUED:

WILSON (CONT'D)
(to Rankin)
...working with you, on the clock...
if you permit it...
(he pauses)

RANKIN
(finally)
I'm delighted.

WILSON
(doing so)
In that case, I'll take off my coat.

RANKIN
You'd like to have a look at the plan, perhaps.
(gesturing towards drawing on bench)
Mary, show him.

She hands the drawing to Wilson who studies it.

WILSON
It's a Hobrecht, I feel certain.

RANKIN
I wouldn't know. My interest in clocks is purely mechanical.

MARY
One wouldn't think so, to hear him hold forth on the subject. Before you appeared, he was describing the ideal social system in terms of a clock.

WILSON
How interesting.

MARY
(resuming her painting)
Tell Mr. Wilson, Charles.

RANKIN
It's a man's prerogative to bore his wife, but not an acquaintance.
(turning to her as she is about to paint the sword)
Don't paint that, Mary. We'll clean it. It's Toledo steel.

WILSON
Suppose you tell me, Mrs. Rankin.

169 CONTINUED: (2)

MARY
Well... as much as I remember. Let's see... the force that runs the clock, the spring, or the weight, or whatever it is, is the head of the State. The pendulum is his government which transforms his inspiration into law. How am I doing, Charles?

RANKIN
Well...

WILSON
(to Mary)
It's most ingenious. Please go on.

MARY
Now, it gets more complicated. The train of gears are the working masses... formed into economic units which engage each other without friction.

MARY
(picking up a gear to illustrate)
The teeth are the individuals. And just as these are of flawless metal, well ground and polished, so must the individual be of good blood, trained and fit physically. Well, that's the idea in general.
(smiling at him)
Charles explains it in far greater detail, of course.

WILSON
And what about the hands?

MARY
You forgot about the hands, Charles.

RANKIN
(after a pause)
The hands stand for progress, which would not occur by fits and starts, but according to the laws of harmonic motion.

WILSON
(smiling)
If I didn't know better, Mr. Rankin, I'd say you're no admirer of democracy, in which progressive ideas are forged in the heat of friction.

(CONTINUED)

169 CONTINUED: (3)

RANKIN
On the contrary, I'm a complete democrat as of this year of our Lord. What Mary was telling you has to do with a thousand years from now.

WILSON
(after a pause)
Oh.

DISSOLVE TO:

170 EXT. STREET - DUSK

Wilson leaves the church and finds Noah waiting beside the entrance for him. CAMERA CRANES to follow them along. Noah pushes his bike with one hand. In the other, he holds a notebook to which he refers.

NOAH
He dismissed class, as usual, at half past three... After that, until five o'clock... There's a gap I can't account for. Mary was at his place, waiting for him, and he didn't show up.

WILSON
How long was she there?

NOAH
Oh, from about three o'clock on, - hanging curtains or something. So the place would be ready when they got back from their honeymoon.

WILSON
Till some time after four?
(Noah nods)
And if Meinike went to Rankin's house, your sister would have seen him?

Noah mounts his bicycle.

NOAH
Meinike? Who's Meinike?

WILSON
A little man who isn't here.

DISSOLVE TO:

171 INT. CLOCK TOWER - DUSK

Mary and Rankin are still working on the clock.

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED:

MARY
Charles... Why didn't you tell Mr. Wilson you're working on the clock tonight?

RANKIN
(very busy with a big spring, mumbling)
I want to finish this myself.

Mary changes the subject. She's at the window, looking down into the square below.

MARY
I'm so glad Noah has found such a good friend in Mr. Wilson.

RANKIN
How's that?

172 LONG SHOT - HARPER SQUARE - WILSON AND NOAH

CAMERA, shooting from Mary's angle, over her shoulder, down into the square, shows Wilson and Noah talking together. They appear very small, standing near Potter's.

MARY'S VOICE
See them down there talking so earnestly? It's a fine experience for him... the companionship of an older man like Mr. Wilson.

173 CLOSE SHOT - MARY'S FACE

As she looks down into square from tower.

MARY
You know, everywhere I go I seem to see them together.

We hear the sound of a spring breaking and CUT TO:

174 CLOSE SHOT - RANKIN

Holding the spring which has broken in his hands. Small beads of sweat stand out on his forehead.

175 EXT. POTTER'S - NIGHT - NOAH AND WILSON

They have finished their conversation.

NOAH
Okay, Mr. Wilson.
(MORE)

175 CONTINUED:

NOAH (CONT'D)
(he gets on his bicycle and pedals off)
Wilson enters Potter's.

176 INT. POTTER'S - NIGHT

Four Harper boys enjoy their sodas at a table in the rear. Wilson goes around behind counter and fixes himself some coffee. Potter sets up the checkers.

MR. POTTER
Checkers?...

Wilson sits down across from Potter and makes the opening move. As he does this we see, through the window, the street lights go on.

MR. POTTER
Gettin' dark early these days... Hear you and Perfessor Rankin aim to fix the clock.
(Wilson nods)
Figure it'll tell time rightly?
(Wilson nods again)
And strike the hour?
(another nod)
And will the angel circle round the belfry?
(another nod)
Is that a man or a woman angel, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON
I don't know.

MR. POTTER
Well... reckon it don't make much difference 'mongst angels.
(without pausing as one of the boys comes to the counter)
That'll be eighty-five cents.

The boy pays and he and his fellows go out as Wilson glances at his watch.

WILSON
Mr. Rankin been in yet this evening?

176 CONTINUED:

MR. POTTER
Not yet. Generally gets through workin' on the clock about now 'n comes down here for supper.

WILSON
Yes... I know.
(casually)
By the way, Mr. Potter, our little friend never did come back for his suitcases, did he?

MR. POTTER
Nope.

WILSON
Strange.

MR. POTTER
Ain't it, though?
(he pauses, then:)
Been tempted once or twice to take a look and see what's inside 'em.
(he looks hopefully at Wilson)
They ain't even locked.

WILSON
Seems to me that, under the circumstances, you have a perfect right.

MR. POTTER
(grabbing the bait)
Think so?
(Wilson nods. Potter's official nature asserts itself)
Wouldn't want to do it without a witness.

WILSON
That's me.

MR. POTTER
It is?
(Wilson nods. Potter reaches down, takes out bags and places them on the counter. He rubs his palms together)
Wonder what's in 'em?

176 CONTINUED: (2)

Wilson leans over, unsnaps the twin locks of first one... then the other. Potter glances towards the store entrance. Then opens the lid of one. As he does so, Wilson strikes a match and puts it to his pipe. He does not glance at the suitcase as Potter fishes through it gingerly.

WILSON
Soiled linen... a sweater... soap and a razor wrapped in a towel with 'S. S. Cristobal' written across it. ...and a pair of shoes.
(Potter opens the other bag)
...Nothing but religious pamphlets.

Potter is too intent on what he is doing to note that Wilson is not looking into the suitcase.

MR. POTTER
Yep... that's all.

THE DOOR OPENS and Mary and Rankin enter.

MARY
Good evening, Mr. Wilson. . .Mr. Potter.

WILSON
Good evening.

Mary goes to a little place back of the counter where their supper has been put up in containers.

MARY
Charles... I see Mrs. Peabody has Made up some turkey tonight... It's your favorite.

Potter, his guilt written all over his face, closes the suitcases. Wilson nods at Rankin in his friendliest fashion.

WILSON
Mr. Potter and I have just been sticking our noses into somebody else's business. These suitcases...
(he gestures towards them)
Chap just left them here. Never came back for them.

MR. POTTER
That was more than two weeks ago.

Rankin now knows these are Meinike's suitcases. He moves over to stand on the opposite side of Mary from Wilson.

176 CONTINUED: (3)

MARY
(with normal interest)
Did he tell you what he was doing in Harper?

MR. POTTER
Nope. Ordered coffee. Didn't drink it. Looked in the phone book. Didn't telephone. Kind of funny looking he was. Short and fat. Walked funny... like any second he might break into a run.

MARY
(with sudden excitement)
Did he have a foreign accent?

Beneath the counter, Rankin's hand closes like a vise on her wrist. She turns to face him as Potter replies. Their eyes meet, warning in Rankin's. Wilson observes this by play.

MR. POTTER
Why, yes, he did. Not so much of an accent... as a foreign way of talking. You know. Words in the wrong places.

Rankin's eyes, fixed on Mary's, glare briefly. Then, conscious of Wilson's interest, he looks down at the counter. But his hand on her wrist increases its pressure.

WILSON
Do you know who he could be, Mrs. Rankin?

MARY
(forces a laugh)
Why... no. I was... how should I... I was just trying to make your mystery complete. Shouldn't all mysterious strangers have foreign accents?

Rankin looses his grip. They all turn towards the door as Noah comes in.

NOAH
Mary, have you seen Red?

MARY
Not since I took him home to you a couple of days ago.

NOAH
He's spending all his time out in the woods. Doesn't even come home for meals -

176 CONTINUED: (4)

RANKIN
I thought you told me he never ran off.

NOAH
(answering for Mary)
He never did.

MARY
That's why Noah's anxious.
(slips down from her stool)

RANKIN
Come dear.
(to Noah)
I'll phone you later, if Red's at our place or not. 'Night, Mr. Potter --

She leads the way out, Rankin at her heels.

WILSON
How about a soda, Noah?

NOAH
No, thank you, sir... I think I'll go look some more.

WILSON
I'll join you.
(nodding)
Good night, Mr. Potter.

MR. POTTER
Hey! You haven't finished.
(pointing to board)

WILSON
(giving him a quarter)
It's your game.

177 EXT. POTTER'S - NIGHT

Wilson and Noah come out and see that Rankin and Mary go into church.

NOAH
Were you able to find out anything?

WILSON
(nodding)
Meinike did go to Rankin's house.
And your sister did see him.

They move down the street, CAMERA PRECEDING THEM.

(CONTINUED)

177 CONTINUED:

NOAH
Did Mary say so?

WILSON
She started to. But when she realized that he didn't want her to tell, she stopped. That sister of yours is a nice girl, Noah. But she must learn what manner of man she's married to.

NOAH
You don't know Mary. She wouldn't listen to anything against him... much less believe.

WILSON
We must arrange things, Noah, so that she finds out for herself.
(rubs his chin reflectively)
One thing sure, she knows nothing now... nothing at all... except that he didn't want her to admit having seen someone she saw. I'd give something to know what explanation he's making right now.

DISSOLVE TO:

178 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Rankin puts down his tools near the altar and Mary sinks to a pew, the moon shining through the stained glass windows on her face. There is a pause before Rankin speaks. He walks slowly toward her, his feet echoing on the stone floor of the church. Then:

RANKIN
I was a student at Geneva. There was a girl... The night before I was to leave, we went out on the lake together. She said she'd never return to shore unless I promised to marry her. I thought she was joking. She wasn't. Before I could stop her, she stood up in the boat and - well - I dived after her, but she was gone.

RANKIN
(he pauses)
Only one person knew we were out on that lake together. Her brother. He knew I hadn't killed her, but he was willing to call it an accident, for ---
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

178 CONTINUED:

RANKIN (CONT'D)
compensation. I gave him what money I had and left Switzerland. As the years went by, I allowed myself to believe that the dead past really was dead.
(again he pauses)
Then, on our wedding day, Mary, he appeared again. I gave him all the money I had in the world... and he went away.

MARY
You should have told me... not carried this awful thing all by yourself.

RANKIN
Mary... you're very wonderful.
(he kisses her tenderly)
And I love you very much.

MARY
Charles...
(he looks at her inquiringly)
...Why didn't he go back for his things?

RANKIN
(after a pause)
Once he had money, I suppose he could afford better.

After a short pause, Rankin continues.

RANKIN
I'm very nervous, darling... Upset, naturally... I think I'd better work some more on the clock. It will calm me... You understand, don't you...

MARY
(rising)
I understand.

RANKIN
Shall I walk you home?

MARY
No, dear, there's no need.

RANKIN
(tenderly)
It's pretty late...

178 CONTINUED: (2)

MARY
That's all right... In Harper, there's nothing to be afraid of.

Rankin looks at her for a moment, kisses her tenderly on the forehead, then turns to the tower. .as though starting up to work. Mary leaves. After she is gone, CAMERA holds for a moment on the empty church, then we see Rankin come down from the tower again. He goes over to window and looks out, watching Mary's retreating figure. Then, moving quickly, he crosses to the back door of the church, opens it and goes out.

DISSOLVE TO:

179 EXT. MEINIKE'S GRAVE - NIGHT

Red's forepaws plow into the hard earth, scooping it up behind him. CAMERA PULLS BACK to include Rankin, immobile, watching the dog. He takes a cautious step forward. His foot snaps a dried branch. Instantly, Red freezes, head raised to face the intruder. Rankin, his chance of surprise gone, holds out his hand in a reassuring gesture.

RANKIN
(softly)
Here, Red. Here, boy.

He moves forward gently, hoping not to frighten the dog before he can reach his collar. As his hand almost touches, Red leaps aside, and takes a new position. Again Rankin attempts to reach him without alarming him. Again the dog evades him. Through the naked trees, the pursuit continues; Rankin by turns threatening and cajoling.

Finally, Rankin makes a sudden grab for the dog. Red snaps at him. The two stand staring at each other for a moment. Then, his face grim, Rankin begins filling the hole Red has dug. The dog stands immobile, watching him.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

180 INT. CLASS ROOM - NEXT AFTERNOON

NOAH'S desk is empty. RANKIN, a new tension in his manner, is lecturing.

RANKIN
...He lived dangerously... and he was prepared to die dangerously.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

180 CONTINUED:

RANKIN (CONT'D)
During the greater part of his reign, Frederick always carried a vial of poison on his person. He never had to use it.
(his eyes are drawn to Noah's empty desk. He pauses... then catches himself)
Where was I, Heathcote?

HEATHCOTE
(rising)
You said Frederick didn't use his poison, sir.

RANKIN
(nodding)
Unlike many of his successors in ruling Germany, Frederick won his battles... and was allowed to die at his appointed time. Had he lived longer, it might have...
(a bell rings. He doesn't finish the sentence)
Time, gentlemen. Until tomorrow.

He turns back to his desk and gathers up his papers hurriedly as the boys exit into the hallway. As he straightens up, he stops Furman.

RANKIN
Oh, Furman?

FURMAN
(coming to him)
Yes, sir.

RANKIN
Seen Longstreet?

FURMAN
No, sir. He hasn't been in any of his classes today.

RANKIN
(nodding)
Thank you. I just wondered.

DISSOLVE TO:

181 EXT. THE WOODS - AFTERNOON

Beside a small bridge crossing a shallow gully, Noah and Wilson stand beside the dead body of Red.

NOAH
(pointing across the bridge)
Poor old Red... He heard my whistle, I bet, but he couldn't bark or anything. He crawled this far and just died.
(his lips tremble threateningly. To cover his emotion, he bends over, and pats the dead dog's head very gently)
...Why do you think he died, Mr Wilson?

WILSON
Let's go and find out.

DISSOLVE TO:

182 EXT. DR. LAWRENCE'S OFFICE - HARPER SQUARE

CAMERA, on CRANE, moves in on an office window. In the corner of the screen we see briefly some lettering on a shingle:

- ENCE, M.D.

CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY in to FULL SHOT through window of Dr. Lawrence's office.

The conversation from behind the glass is muffled, but distinct.

183 INT. DR. LAWRENCE'S EXAMINING ROOM - (THROUGH WINDOW)

A bright overhead light shines down on a steel examination table on which lies the sheeted body of Red. Wilson and Noah stand watching Dr. Lawrence as he heats a test tube over the flame of a bunsen burner. The contents of the tube boil up. Lawrence studies it.

During this, Wilson has broken off a little piece of mud from one of Red's forepaws.

WILSON
How long could the dog have lived with that amount of poison in him?

183 CONTINUED:

LAWRENCE
Not more than a minute or so, I'd say.

NOAH
What does the law say about this kind of murder? Is the penalty the same as for killing a man? It ought to be. It's just as bad.

WILSON
Then he must have been poisoned within a few hundred yards of where Noah found him. And the latter part of that distance he must have been moving more and more slowly.
(abruptly)
Thank you very much, Dr. Lawrence.

NOAH
Yes... Thanks, Jeff.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and begins to descend, slowly, evenly, past Lawrence's window, to the street below. Under Lawrence's office, an awning is being rolled up. CAMERA CONTINUES DOWN to find Peabody turning a crank. CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER and we can now see that Lawrence's office is directly over the drug store.

184 EXT. POTTER'S - AFTERNOON

Potter is leaning out over the counter of his newstand, directing Peabody at work.

MR. POTTER
Take in them racks now, Peabody...
(he sees Wilson and Noah)
Evenin', Mr. Wilson. Evenin', Noah.

185 EXT. SQUARE - NOAH AND WILSON

NOAH
(absently)
Evenin', Mr. Potter.

CAMERA, on CRANE, PRECEDES THEM as they move across the square, walking toward the Harper Inn.

WILSON
(showing Noah the piece of dried mud in his hand)
Forepaws muddy... No mud on hind.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

185 CONTINUED:

WILSON (CONT'D)
(he crumbles it and looks at it)
Dry leaves mixed with the mud. Red must have been digging somewhere in the woods.

NOAH
Have you got any idea what for, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON
(nodding)
A body, I think... Meinike's.

NOAH
(in horror)
The little man...
(Wilson nods)
Then...
(the thought is too monstrous for words)

On Noah's horrified face, we CUT TO:

186 INT. CLOCK TOWER - AFTERNOON

In an opening by the window above the clock works. Rankin is standing by the window in the roof above the clock works, looking down on the square. Over his shoulder, we see what he sees:

187 EXT. SQUARE - WILSON AND NOAH

At the moment we left them. From this height, they are very small. We see Noah race away furiously on his bicycle. Wilson turns and hurries into the hotel.

188 INT. CLOCK TOWER - CLOSEUP - RANKIN'S FACE

Trying to understand what he sees. He gives up and sinks down on the ledge. The job of being Charles Rankin, a school teacher, is becoming almost too much for him. He is terribly, terribly tired. His eyes turn dull, his mouth hangs loose. He sits there among the works of the clock. His breath comes long and heavy.

DISSOLVE TO:

189 EXT. CHURCH - EVENING

Rankin comes out... stands for a moment on the steps.

190 FULL SHOT - RANKIN

Rankin stands on the steps, his face vacant and expressionless. Then we see the moment the street lights go on all over town.

191 CLOSE SHOT - RANKIN'S FACE

As he reacts to the sudden glow of the lights. He pulls himself together. He is Kindler no longer. He is Rankin again as he walks off scene.

192 EXT. POTTER'S - EVENING

The door to the shop is closed. Rankin tries it. It is locked. Potter, in coat and hat, appears and unlocks it. He opens the door to admit Rankin. Behind Potter is Peabody, laden with equipment - spades, shovels, etc. CAMERA follows Rankin in.

193 INT. POTTER'S

MR. POTTER
You just caught me.

RANKIN
Anything wrong?

MR. POTTER
Wrong? Oh, you mean, closin' up like this?
(Rankin nods)
Just goin' on the search. What were you after?

RANKIN
A can of oil, please... What search?

MR. POTTER
For the body.
(Rankin stiffens)
State Police've deputized half the town... Just reach up there - Fourth shelf...

RANKIN
(forcing himself to be casual as he crosses to shelf)
One misses the news... up in the clock tower. What body are they searching for?

193 CONTINUED:

MR. POTTER
My bet is it's the feller that left his bags here.
(Rankin has gotten the oil. He is starting out of the shop)
Fifteen cents. I'll put it on your account.

Rankin hurries out. Potter follows him and locks the door on the outside when Peabody joins them.

DISSOLVE TO:

194 INT. RANKIN HOUSE - NIGHT

Rankin, in hallway, hangs up his coat and hat. Sara enters from the kitchen.

SARA
Oh, it's you, sir. I thought perhaps it was Miss Mary... I mean, Mrs. Rankin.

RANKIN
(shortly)
She's out?

SARA
Yes, sir. She said she'd be back shortly.

Rankin nods and starts upstairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

195 INT. RANKIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

On the bed, an open suitcase is half packed with Rankin's clothes. Shirts and underwear, ready for packing, are stacked beside it. CAMERA PANS OVER TO RANKIN, seated in an armchair beside the window. The awful exhaustion is upon him again. His eyes never move from the window. Suddenly he tenses.

196 EXT. RANKIN GROUNDS

Through the window, Rankin sees Mary drive up to the house and stop the car in front of the door.

197 INT. RANKIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rankin instantly rises, getting hold of himself again, and resumes his packing. He pays no attention to the murmur of Mary's and Sara's voices from below, nor the sound of Mary's

(CONTINUED)

197 CONTINUED:

heels as she runs up the stairs. She opens the door and comes into the room, apparently surprising him.

MARY
(entering)
Sara told me you were...
(she breaks off, seeing him packing)
Why are you packing? Are we going somewhere?

He straightens up and looks at her for a moment in silence. Then slowly goes to the door and closes it. He turns back to Mary and takes her hands in his. He kisses first one, then the other.

RANKIN
We aren't, my dearest... I am.

MARY
What are you talking about?

RANKIN
As a rule, men leave their wives because they don't love them, but I...
(he falters...regains his self-control)
I must leave you because I do. (she starts to speak. He stops her) Oh, you'll make no objection once you know the kind of man you married.

MARY
You are the man I married. That's all that matters. I meant what I said... for better... for worse.

RANKIN
(harshly)
Even to killing Red?

Mary recoils instantly. Rankin watches narrowly for her reaction.

MARY
(aghast)
You couldn't have.

Rankin doesn't answer.

MARY
It was an accident.

197 CONTINUED: (2)

RANKIN
No. I meant to kill him. Murder can be a chain, Mary. One link leading to another until it circles your neck.
(he turns away from her. Her stricken eyes follow him to the window)
Red was digging at the grave of a man I killed. Yes... your little man...

MARY
(in a whisper)
You killed him?

RANKIN
With these hands.
(he holds them out to her)
The same hands that have held you close to me.
(again harshly)
Now are you satisfied to let me go?

MARY
(in an agonized voice)
Why did you do it?

RANKIN
I'd have given him all I had... but his dreams were far grander. He knew that your father is well-to-do... Did you ever stop to think I was making a very good match in marrying you?

MARY
Stop torturing me.

RANKIN
He was sure that Justice Longstreet would be glad to protect his daughter against scandal by paying a few thousand dollars.
(turns back to face her)
Oh, Mary, I should have gone away and lost myself in a world where Meinike could never find me. That's what I should have done. Instead...
(MORE)

197 CONTINUED: (3)

RANKIN (CONT'D)
(He looks at her for a long moment)
I loved you and I was weak.
(he turns back toward the window)

MARY
(she comes to his side, then softly)
Charles... if one of us goes, we both go.
(she manages a tremulous smile)
You would have shared half my trouble, Charles, if I'd had any.

RANKIN
Mary.
(he seems about to yield, then his body stiffens and his face becomes grim)
No... I won't let you.

MARY
Tell me, Charles...
(she hesitates. Then:)
What is there to connect you with that man?

RANKIN
(the victor)
Nothing, actually. You're the only one who knows I knew him.

MARY
Then what have you to fear... if I'm the only one who can speak?

RANKIN
But in failing to speak you become a part of the crime.

MARY
I'm a part of it anyway because I'm a part of you.

For the first time, Rankin feels completely secure. He starts to sweep her into his arms. She yields herself willingly to him. Then some instinctive reaction that she herself doesn't understand makes her body tremble. Rankin instantly pulls back... only his hands remaining on her arms.

197 CONTINUED: (4)

RANKIN
And yet you shudder at the first touch of my hands.. as though it was the touch of death.

MARY
(shaking her head)
It's nothing. Nerves.
(forcing herself)
Hold me close, Charles.

She raises her lips to him. Watching her intently, he kisses her. She forces herself to respond. Then, suddenly, she slumps in his arms. She has fainted. Again, all expression falls from his face. His eyes grow dull and his mouth hangs slightly open. He picks her up and carries her to the bed. He lays her down and stands looking down at her. Unconsciously, his fingers flex themselves. He knows now that she, too, must die.

During this, over scene, there has arisen the excited shouts of boys running past the house. He becomes conscious of the sound. Its meaning is obvious. He is himself again as he crosses to the window.

198 EXT. RANKIN HOUSE

Through the window, Rankin sees boys running to and fro, shouting excitedly to each other, their words lost in the wind.

199 INT. RANKIN BEDROOM

Rankin throws open the window and leans out.

RANKIN
(calling)
Fulbright... Walker... what's happened?

BOY'S VOICE
They've found the grave, sir. They're digging now.

Without answering, Rankin shuts the window again.

DISSOLVE:

200 EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Several cars have been driven in near the grave, their powerful headlights stabbing across the scene. A row of lanterns lines the area around Meinike's grave, which has been opened. A rope has been strung on stakes around it to keep the crowd from trampling around it. The exhumed body

200 CONTINUED:

lies, under canvas, beside the grave. Uniformed state patrolmen are getting pictures of the scene. Their flashlight bulbs throw everything brightly into relief for a few moments.

Potter, near the graveside, has been supervising Rankin, Peabody and other citizens as they worked. Rankin and Peabody, their clothing stained from the exertion of digging, pant into the cold night air, which forms in vapor before their faces.

201 CLOSE SHOT - (GREENS AND STEREO PLATE)

Wilson and Noah on a little knoll, looking down at the scene. Potter and Rankin cross f.g. and we hear Potter say:

MR. POTTER
(to Rankin)
Knew darned well it was the same feller. 'Course he's changed some. Bein' buried in the earth does it.

This speech carries Rankin and Potter out of shot and we hear, immediately, off scene, the sound of a car door open and shut as Rankin gets into his car.

Noah turns to Wilson.

NOAH
What'll we do about Mary? We can't leave her alone with him... now that we know?

While Noah is speaking we hear, off scene, a car's motor cough, then catch, as Rankin turns his car and drives off.

WILSON
(smokes his pipe in silence. Then:)
She realizes now that whatever story he told her about Meinike was false.
(he pauses)
Noah, I think your sister should be ready to hear the truth.

202 INT. RANKIN LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mary and Rankin sit on opposite sides of the fireplace, their faces lighted by its flames. Between them is a coffee table, on which is placed a late dinner for Rankin. Mary is sipping a glass of milk.

MARY
(breaking the silence)
You must eat, darling.

202 CONTINUED:

Rankin tries to force himself. He has just returned from Meinike's grave. Strain and exhaustion are telling on him.

MARY
Charles... they won't make me look at the body, will they?

RANKIN
I shouldn't think so.

MARY
I couldn't do it. At least, I don't think I could. I've never seen a dead person...

She breaks off as Sara enters, vegetable dish in hand.

RANKIN
How many are you having at your tea?

MARY
Twenty-eight, all together.

SARA
(glancing at Mary's glass of milk)
You didn't eat nothin' at dinner, Miss Mary. You'll be fainting again.

RANKIN
(to Mary)
Isn't that too many for just you and Sara?
(to Sara, at his elbow)
No more for me, thank you.

SARA
We'll manage all right.

She exits into kitchen.

MARY
(in a low, urgent voice)
Must we, Charles?

RANKIN
(almost fiercely)
Hush. Of course we must.

MARY
But what if I should...

RANKIN
Should what?

202 CONTINUED: (2)

MARY
(numbly)
I don't know. I only know that I'm terrified of seeing anybody... of being seen.

RANKIN
(voice level)
You must keep tight hold of yourself, Mary. If you're really going through with this you must know beforehand what you are going to say. . .and do. Yet you must give the impression of absolute naturalness.
(without a break as Sara re-enters to clear away)
Dr. Hobson may not be able to come. He has a meeting on Tuesday morning in Boston. Unless he makes porfect connections...
(a telephone rings offscene as Sara exits)
...Above all, you must give the impression of absolute naturalness at all times. I'm prepared to face the police or...
(again he interrupts himself as Sara enters)

SARA
It's your father, Miss Mary. He wants to talk to you.

Mary slips from her chair and goes to the telephone in hall just outside dining room.

203 MARY AT TELEPHONE

MARY
(into phone)
Hello.
(pause)
Why, yes, I think so...
(again a pause)
Just wait one second. I'll see.

She sets the receiver down on the table and comes back to the doorway. Panic is in her tone.

204 MARY AT DOORWAY

MARY
He wants me to come over.

(CONTINUED)

204 CONTINUED:

RANKIN
(levelly)
Did he ask me too?

MARY
(shaking her head)
He said he wanted to see me alone. I'm frightened, Charles.

RANKIN
There's nothing unusual in a father wanting to see his daughter. You must go.

She looks at him, then her eyes drop as she turns back to the phone. Rankin rises from the table and follows her into the hall, CAMERA PANNING WITH THEM.

205 MARY AND RANKIN AT PHONE

MARY
(at phone)
All right, Adam. I'll be along in a few minutes.

She hangs up and looks at her husband.

RANKIN
(reassuringly)
You can drop me off at the church. I'll work on the clock while you're with your father. When you're through, you can join me there.

MARY
Charles... I'm afraid. It was so pointed... his wanting to see me alone. And his voice, it sounded different.

RANKIN
(his hand on her hair)
You know what you're going to say, don't you, Mary? You know you hold my life in your hands?

Looking up at him, she nods slowly.

DISSOLVE TO:

206 INT. UPPER HALLWAY - LONGSTREET HOME - NIGHT

Mary, visibly braced for any emergency, crosses to the entrance of her father's study. She hesitates a moment. Then throws open the door.

207 INT. JUDGE LONGSTREET'S STUDY - NIGHT

Mary, silhouetted in the light from the hallway behind her, stands on the threshold of a dark room. There is no sound except a faint metallic murmur, not instantly identifiable. The sound stops and the room is suddenly lighted.

208 THE ROOM - FROM MARY'S ANGLE

Wilson stands beside the Judge's desk on which is mounted a sixteen millimetre projector, a reel of film half run. At the opposite end of the room, a portable screen masks the bookcases. The Judge, his face lined, rises from his rocker which has been moved to face the screen.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(gravely)
Come in, Mary.
(he closes the door behind her, smiles at her reassuringly)
Sit down, my dear.

MARY
(looks from her father to Wilson and back to her father again)
Is something wrong?

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Mary... Mr. Wilson is here on a very serious matter and we must try to help him in every way possible. He wants to ask some questions of you.

MARY
What is it you wish to know, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON
You know about the body that was discovered yesterday?
(Mary nods)
Did you ever meet the deceased, Mrs. Rankin?

MARY
No, Mr. Wilson, I didn't.

WILSON
Have you seen the body, Mrs. Rankin?

MARY
No...

208 CONTINUED:

WILSON
Then how can you be sure you never met?

MARY
(hesitates)
Of course I can't be sure...
(masking fear with a show of anger)
Do you suspect me of something. If so, what?

WILSON
Of shielding a murderer.
(he pauses, then with apparent irrelevance)
I've been showing your father some films, Mrs. Rankin. I'd like you to see them too.

209 SCENE - OUT

210 INT. JUDGE LONGSTREET STUDY - NIGHT

Wilson throws the light switch. The room is in darkness. Mary, not knowing what to anticipate, sits tense in her chair. Judge Longstreet's anxious eyes stay on her. Wilson unhurriedly moves to the projector. He starts to touch a switch, then pauses, deliberately prolonging the tension, and turns to Mary.

WILSON
Mrs. Rankin, I'm on the Allied Commission for the punishment of war criminals. It's my job to bring escaped Nazis to justice. It is that job that brought me to Harper.

MARY
Surely you don't think... I've never so much as known a Nazi, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON
You might, without realizing it. They look like other people and act like them - when it's to their interest.

Wilson touches the switch. The picture is thrown on the screen. It is a newsreel of a concentration camp. In it, a couple of GI's are herding a group of Nazi prisoners together. Foremost of the reluctant, straggling men is Meinike, in the uniform of a Nazi concentration camp official.

210 CONTINUED:

WILSON
Perhaps this picture will refresh your memory, Mrs. Rankin...

210A CLOSEUP - MEINIKE IN NEWSREEL

Wearing cap and uniform, he looks dazedly out of screen.

WILSON'S VOICE
(Over Scene)
That man is Conrad Meinike. Commander in charge of this particular concentration camp. You know him, don't you, Mrs. Rankin? You have met that man here in Harper...

BACK TO SCENE

Mary doesn't answer.

WILSON
(standing over her)
Isn't that so?

Mary looks up, the flickering of the screen reflected on her face, then back to screen.

MARY
No... No... I've never seen that man.

The screen changes as the newsreel continues with other scenes of concentration camp horrors. Wilson sits down next to Mary and watches her face closely as he continues.

WILSON
(quietly)
...A gas chamber, Mrs. Rankin... the candidates were first given hot showers so that their pores would be open and the gas would act that much more quickly. That is a crematory, Mrs. Rankin. Twenty furnaces in a line were kept burning day and night. ...And that is a lime pit in which hundreds of men, women and children were buried alive.

MARY
(unable to take her eyes from the screen)
Why do you wish me to look at these horrors?

210A CONTINUED:

WILSON
They are all the product of one mind. ...the mind of a man named Franz Kindler.

MARY
(trying to identify the name)
Franz Kindler...

The film continues, though Wilson no longer pays any attention to it. His concern is with Mary.

WILSON
It was Kindler who conceived the theory of mass depopulation of conquered countries, so that regardless of who won the war, Germany would emerge the strongest nation in western Europe, biologically speaking.
(he pauses. Her eyes go back to the screen. Then:)
Unlike Goebbels and Himmler and the others, Kindler had a passion for anonymity. The newspapers carried no picture of him. And, before he disappeared, he destroyed all evidence that might link him with his past, down to the last fingerprint. There is no clue to the identity of Franz Kindler... except one little thing... He has a hobby that almost amounts to a mania... clocks.

MARY
(starts to get out of her chair - her knees buckle - she slips back into it)
So have lots of people... you... yourself.

WILSON
(ignoring her question)
I haven't finished, Mrs. Rankin. In prison in Czechoslovakia, a war criminal was awaiting execution. This was Meinike, one-time executive officer of Franz Kindler. He was an obscenity on the face of the earth. The smell of burning flesh was in his clothes. We gave him his freedom on the chance that he might lead me
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

210A CONTINUED: (2)

WILSON (CONT'D)
to Kindler. He led me here, Mrs. Rankin. And here, I lost him... until yesterday. Your dog, Red, found him for me. But unfortunately Meinike was dead and buried... Meinike had found Kindler and Kindler had murdered him because he was afraid that Meinike was a threat to his own safety. Later, he murdered

WILSON
Red because Red also had become a threat. Now, in all the world, there is only one person who can identify Franz Kindler. That person is the one who knows... knows positively... who Meinike came to Harper to see.

The last frames of film run through the projector and the loose end flaps monotonously against the still turning reel. The bright light shines full on the screen. Wilson ignores it.

MARY
(finally... almost moaning)
No!... Not a Nazi! My Charles isn't that!

Now Wilson snaps on the room lights...turns off the projector.

Mary has risen and opened the door to the second floor porch. A strong wind has come up. Desperate, she moves out onto porch, Wilson and Judge Longstreet following.

211 INT. SECOND FLOOR PORCH - NIGHT

WILSON
(pounding at her)
You were at Rankin's house during the afternoon of the day you were married?

MARY
(gasping)
Yes.

The shadows of the trees, tortured by the wind, are racing crazily across the ceiling of the porch. Mary's hair blows. It's a wild night.

WILSON
Did anyone come to the door while you were there?

211 CONTINUED:

MARY
Not that I remember.

WILSON
Try your best to remember, Mrs. Rankin. It was not so long ago... only three weeks. You were hanging curtains.

MARY
No one came.

WILSON
Were you alone the whole time?

MARY
(after a pause)
No.

WILSON
Who else was there?

MARY
Charles was.
(with a great effort of will, she composes herself. then continues)
He came right after his last class, and we were together for more than an hour.

She goes back into study, men following her.

212 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Mary crosses to door leading from study.

MARY
Mr. Wilson... you have nothing to link my husband with this man... Kindler... except a wild suspicion. A ridiculous suspicion. You're tyring to use me to implicate him. You can't. You can't involve me in a lie... That's all it is... a lie!
(she throws open door and exits)

JUDGE LONGSTREET
Mary!

He follows her out of the room.

213 EXT. LONGSTREET HOUSE - NIGHT

Light from within shows through fan light. Mary opens the door, crosses porch and runs down onto walk.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(calling to her from doorway)
Wait a minute, sister!
(the use of the old term of affection stops her; she pauses, irresolute, then turns to face him. He comes down to her, puts his arm around her shoulder and they continue together)
That's better.
(he turns her to face him)
You know that your welfare and Noah's means more to me than anything, don't you?

MARY
(her voice a little unsteady)
Yes, Adam, I know that.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
We've got to face this thing with complete honesty, sister. Your entire happiness may well depend on your speaking the absolute truth.
(Mary begins to cry silently)
If Mr. Wilson is right and you have innocently married a criminal... it's no marriage and there is no call upon your loyalty as a wife.

MARY
Charles wouldn't do anybody any harm... except to protect somebody he loves. He's good.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
In that case, the truth can't hurt him.
(MORE)

213 CONTINUED:

JUDGE LONGSTREET (CONT'D)
(she looks up at him. His voice is very gentle)
Charles wasn't with you that afternoon, sister. I remember your saying so when you came home.

MARY
(suddenly flying out)
You're against Charles! You've never liked him! That's why you won't believe me!!! Let us alone... He's my husband... He's not one of those people... He couldn't be! Let us alone!

She runs away, her footsteps sounding on the graveled walk. Judge Longstreet looks after her sadly. There is the sound of her running footsteps...then the slam of a car door... the grinding of a starter...the clash of gears...the motor racing as she speeds away. Then the Judge hears Wilson's footsteps as he comes slowly down the graveled path. The Judge turns to face him. Wilson carries a case in which is the projector.

214 EXT. LONGSTREET HOUSE - WILSON AND JUDGE

(All of this in studio, a continuous SHOT TO AND IN PROCESS on distant church)

WILSON
Well, she has the facts now -- but she won't accept them. They're too horrible to acknowledge. Not so much that Rankin could be Kindler... as that she could ever have given her love to such a creature.

He starts walking, Longstreet moving too. CAMERA PRECEDES THEM to follow action.

WILSON
But we have one ally.
(Judge Longstreet looks at him, not understanding)
Her subconscious. It knows what the truth is and is struggling to be heard. The will to truth within your daughter is too strong to be denied.

214 CONTINUED:

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(thoughtfully)
Look here, Wilson... if he isn't Charles Rankin, we should be able to expose him without too much difficulty.

WILSON
I'm not interested in proving he isn't Charles Rankin, Judge Longstreet. I'm only interested in proving that he is Franz Kindler.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
How do you propose to do that?

As they walk, they come under a street light, their faces bright, then they pass by light and move off into darkness.

WILSON
Through your daughter.
(he hesitates)
Unless I'm mistaken, she's headed for a breakdown. That's the usual result of a person being inwardly divided. Rankin will recognize this. That's what I'm banking on.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
What do you mean?

WILSON
He can't afford to trust a person approaching hysteria. He won't. He'll have to act.
(dispassionately)
He may try to escape before she collapses. Which would be an admission of guilt. Or...

With irritating methodicalness, he stops, raps the bowl of his pipe against the projector case. Then examines it meticulously to be sure the last shreds of tobacco have been knocked out. Satisfied, he unscrews the stem.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(impatiently)
Go on.

Before answering, Wilson blows through the disconnected stem, then squints through it to see that it is clean. He screws it back on. Then:

214 CONTINUED: (2)

WILSON
(calmly)
He may kill her.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(with angry incredulity)
Mr. Wilson... this is my daughter we're discussing.

WILSON
You're shocked at my cold-bloodedness, Judge Longstreet.
(he resumes walking. Judge Longstreet has no alternative but to continue with him)
That's quite natural. You're her father. It's because you are her father that I'm talking like this. I feel I owe it to you.
(he pauses)
Naturally, I shall try to prevent murder being done.

In far b.g., the silhouette of the clock tower comes into view. CAMERA remains stationary as the two men move on, their voices becoming more and more indistinct.

WILSON
However, the proof that murder is his aim is the strongest evidence your daughter could have...

No further words can be heard. CAMERA begins moving forward towards the clock tower.

DISSOLVE TO:

215 INT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Swinging from a cross beam, a lighted lantern throws ghostly shadows through the room, transforming its upright oaken beams and uprights into eerie outlines. Rankin, in shirt sleeves, is working on the clock, the pounding of his hammer and chisel deadening any outside noise. There is jubilation in his eyes. The door opens and Mary enters. She stands on the threshold, watching him.

216 CLOSE SHOT - MARY

A startling change has taken place in her since leaving her father's house. Her face is set in rigid lines and her eyes are very hard, darting suddenly first to one side then the other as though in fear of being watched. There is no sign

216 CONTINUED:

of any hysteria in her manner, though her movements and speech brand her as a neurotic.

MARY
(cold voiced)
Charles.

217 INT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Rankin turns to face her. His face is working with excitement. He hardly sees her.

RANKIN
Wait!

He turns back to the clock. Suddenly it is in motion. Hereafter throughout the scene there is the regular beat indicating the passing of the seconds.

RANKIN
It's working! After how long? After more than a hundred years... Listen.
(he moves his head in time with the beat)

MARY
It was a trap... just as you said. Wilson was there. He tried to tell me you were a Nazi... somebody called Franz Kindler. As if I'd believe such a thing. Imagine... you... an escaped Nazi.

Rankin stops his work... is silent... then, after a moment, resumes working.

MARY
He thinks he's very clever, that Wilson... very clever indeed. His idea was to horrify me into telling him about Meinike. You wouldn't believe anyone could think up such fantastic things.
(she laughs)

RANKIN
(laughing with her)
Who did he say he thought I was?

MARY
Franz Kindler.
(she stops laughing)
You're not, are you?

217 CONTINUED:

RANKIN
No.

MARY
He made it all up... just to trap me... but I told him nothing. And I told father nothing. I outfaced them both.

The clock begins to chime.

RANKIN
Listen.
(he counts the beats with imperceptible movements of his head)
A good omen.

MARY
It'll be simple enough to prove you aren't...
(she hesitates over the name)
...that Nazi. We'll find somebody who was in your class at college. He'll identify you...and that's all there'll be to it.

RANKIN
But if he isn't really after Walther Kuhn. If all that's just to horrify you, as you said, then what would be the use? He can't touch me...I'm quite safe...if you say nothing.

MARY
I won't, Charles...I promise. They can torture me.

OVERSCENE the sound of voices. Calls from the distance.

RANKIN
(triumphantly)
...The chimes have awakened Harper. We must go down. Act naturally. Smile at them.

He puts his arm around her shoulder and leads her onto landing.

MARY
I shall.

She starts down the ladder first.

217 CONTINUED: (2)

RANKIN
Be careful.
(he gives her his hand)

MARY
I don't need any help... really, Charles.

They start down the ladder.

DISSOLVE TO:

218 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Six or eight townspeople have been called out by the chiming of the clock. Some are fully dressed, but most have hastily pulled on whatever was handiest. Potter, overcoat over pyjamas, occupies the forefront.

MR. POTTER
...and when she struck, that angel started marching. It was a sight to behold.

Rankin and Mary emerge from the church. They are instantly surrounded.

FIRST MAN
You sure pulled it off, Professor. My hat's off to you.

SECOND MAN
Congratulations.

WOMAN
Won't the Rector be delighted?

SECOND WOMAN
Is it goin' to chime every hour... all night. How's a person to get their sleep?

219 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Mary and Rankin, CAMERA MOVING WITH THEM, as they pass through the villagers. Mary, head high, rests her hand lightly on her husband's arm. She is smiling proudly at the townsmen as they congratulate Rankin. As they pass beyond the last villager, without looking up at him, she speaks:

219 CONTINUED:

MARY
(confidently)
We'll face them, Charles. All of them.

FADE OUT:

FADE INTO:

220 INT. RANKIN LIVING ROOM

A LONG TABLE AT ONE END OF THE RANKIN LIVING ROOM is piled high with the paraphernalia for a tea party. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO FULL SHOT OF ROOM: DAY. It is filled with flowers and the autumn sun stabs feebly into the room. On another table, glasses, ice bucket, whiskey decanter and sherry await those guests with a stronger taste than tea. Sara, capped and aproned, places the last plate of sandwiches and cakes on the table as Mary, wearing a tailored dress, a severe strand of amber about her neck, appears in the doorway. There is a new rigidity to her body and the carriage of her head. Her eyes sweep the room and reach the windows.

MARY
Sara... the curtains.
(she starts closing them)
I've told you I wanted them drawn. I don't like the sunlight streaming in.
(finishing closing them)
It's bad for the curtains.

SARA
Miss Mary, that's rubbish and you know it. Up at the other house, we never drew a curtain in our lives.

MARY
That has nothing to do with it. This is my house, and I want them drawn.

SARA
(starting out)
Suit yourself. But it's certainly going to look gloomy for the party.

MARY
(a momentary panic is in her eyes)
Is it time for that already?

For answer, the door bell rings.

(CONTINUED)

220 CONTINUED:

SARA
(exiting)
Seems as if.

MARY, habit and instinct reasserting itself, looks to see that all is in readiness. Then, calm and poised, she moves towards the hall to greet her guests, whose voices can already be heard.

221 INT. POTTER'S - AFTERNOON

INSERT: A MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION. The scrawled handwriting is illegible but the printed letter-head of JEFFREY LAWRENCE, M.D., HARPER, CONN., is plain to read. CAMERA PULLS BACK as Potter places a large jar of capsules on the prescription. Rankin faces him.

MR. POTTER
What's the matter. Not sleepin'?

He begins counting some out into a small box.

RANKIN
Oh, they're not for me. Mrs. Rankin hasn't been sleeping very well.

MR. POTTER
Don't approve of sleepin' pills. Never have. Man does a day's work, he'll get a night's sleep.
(across the square, the clock strikes the quarter hour. POTTER jumps)
Leastways...
(raising his voice)
Leastways, he could until that clock started bonging every few minutes.
(he hands Rankin the little box)

RANKIN
(pocketing the pills. He starts out. Then remembers something. Stops.)
Oh... Mrs. Rankin wanted some ice cream. I think she ordered it.

MR. POTTER
Already gone.
(MORE)

221 CONTINUED:

MR. POTTER (CONT'D)
(RANKIN looks at him in surprise)
Mr. Wilson said he was goin' by your house, so I gave it to him.

Rankin stiffens inwardly. Then, without a word, hurries out of the store, Potter looks after him in surprise.

222 INT. RANKIN LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The school masters and their wives crowd the room, the murmur of their voices rising above the tinkle of cups on saucers. The fire is lit against the cool autumn afternoon. Noah is passing a plate of sandwiches. Mary, outwardly the serene hostess, is listening politely to Dr. Hibbard, an elderly master while, simultaneously, straining to overhear another conversation going on between Harold, another master, and Mrs. Tinsdall. Dr. Lawrence, tea cup in hand, stands before the fireplace. He eyes Mary, anxiously.

CAMERA moves in on Mrs. Tinsdall and Harold, holding Mary and Hibbard in b.g.

MRS. TINSDALL
Were you able to see when they opened the grave, Mr. Harold?
(HAROLD nods)
Was it too horrible?

HAROLD
(smugly)
Not the most pleasant sight.

CAMERA moves past them to Mary and Hibbard, catching the latter in mid-sentence.

HIBBARD
...and in order of their importance I rank Oliver Wendell Holmes, Louis Brandeis and your father.

MARY
(mechanically)
Father would be very flattered.

During this, she has overheard the continuation of conversation between Harold and Mrs. Tinsdall.

MRS. TINSDALL
I'm absolutely terrified. I wouldn't dream of setting foot outside the house, unless Fred were along. Who knows... he might be anywhere... the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

222 CONTINUED:

MRS. TINSDALL (CONT'D)
murderer, I mean... waiting for a new victim.

Mary has heard as much of this conversation as she can stand.

MARY
(to HIBBARD)
Forgive me, Dr. Hibbard. I must be a hostess.

She turns away and, as she does so, faces the door. Her eyes widen. Involuntarily, she gasps.

223 THE DOORWAY

Mary sees Wilson, package in hand, pausing irresolute on the threshold.

224 BACK TO SCENE

Momentary panic is in Mary's eyes as she stares at Wilson. He comes forward easily.

WILSON
(taking her hand)
I hope you haven't forgotten you were kind enough to invite me, Mrs. Rankin.

MARY
(staring at him in disbelief)
No... No of course not.

WILSON
(holding it up)
Mr. Potter asked me to deliver this.
(trying to put her at her ease)
I hope it hasn't melted.

Before Mary can answer, Noah appears beside them.

NOAH
I'll take it, Mr. Wilson. Sara's waiting for it.

He exits towards hallway and the kitchen beyond.

WILSON
Ah... there's Dr. Lawrence. I won't detain you, Mrs. Rankin.

224 CONTINUED:

Her eyes follow him as he crosses towards fireplace. Then, determinedly, she catches hold of herself and turns towards the tea table. CAMERA MOVES with her as she nears a large chair in which old MRS. LAWRENCE is seated, completely surrounded by faculty members. One of the guests, Mrs. Lundstrum, is boring her.

HAROLD
...mark my words, the first thing to do is find who, in Harper, has ever been to South America. Then, by a process of elimination...

MRS. LUNDSTRUM
(interrupting)
Poppycock. The murderer's a fiend, who'll turn out to be a highly respected member of the community. He's too intelligent to do away with residents of Harper... They'd be missed, so he picks tramps and the like.
(gestures towards window)
There may well be ten... or a dozen... graves out there in those woods.

MRS. RAND
(shuddering prettily)
Good heavens.

MARY
(anxious to change the topic)
Let me get you some more tea, Grandma Lawrence?
(Grandma shakes her head.)

MRS. LUNDSTRUM
(plunges on)
Autopsy showed the murder was committed just three weeks, didn't it? Full moon, wasn't it? Butcher of Nuremberg was only active then, wasn't he? And Jack the Ripper. And that Frenchman... what's his name... Landru.

MRS. RAND
(unhappily)
I wish you hadn't told us, Mrs. Lawrence. After this I shall always be afraid to go out in the moonlight. By myself, I mean.

(CONTINUED)

224 CONTINUED: (2)

Mary's eyes go to Wilson and Lawrence. She is in a panic to know what is transpiring between them.

LUNDSTRUM
(gallantly)
It was never intended that ladies... especially pretty ones... should go out in the moonlight by themselves.
(turning to her)
Don't you agree, Mrs. Rankin?

MARY
(startled)
I beg your pardon. I wasn't listening.
(her eyes go back to WILSON and LAWRENCE)
Excuse me.

She crosses to them. They break off their conversation.

MARY
Jeff... can I get you some more tea... or a drink?

LAWRENCE
I'm fine, thanks.

MARY
(forcing herself)
Mr. Wilson?

WILSON
Thank you. Noah promised...
(NOAH enters, highball glass in hand)
He's kept his promise.

He takes the glass and raises it to his lips. The front door slams. They turn towards the sound.

225 DOOR TO HALL

RANKIN enters hurriedly, stops short.

226 THE FIREPLACE

RANKIN'S eyes search the room. Then he sees Wilson standing with Dr. Lawrence and Mary.

227 THE DOORWAY

Completely himself, he comes forward, greeting his guests.

227 CONTINUED:

RANKIN
Good afternoon, Mrs. Rand. Howard.
How are your drinks?

They smile and show their glasses. Mary enters to them.

MARY
Hello, darling.

RANKIN
(kissing her)
Sorry to be late.

MARY
(in response to the
pressure of his hand)
Excuse us.

They move away a few feet, CAMERA staying with them.

RANKIN
(in a low tone)
What's he doing here?

MARY
We asked him... that first night...

RANKIN
What's he after?
(MARY shakes her head)
Are you all right?

MARY
(nodding)
Of course. Quite.

They are interrupted by Randall.

RANDALL
(entering to them)
Oh, Rankin... I've been meaning to
ask you... are you familiar with a
French author, Joseph Dorat?

RANKIN
Dorat? No... I think not.

RANDALL
Joseph Claudo Dorat. I've just
discovered him. Wrote some very
amusing light verse. With nice Gallic
cynicism. I'll lend him to you.

RANKIN
Splendid.

227 CONTINUED: (2)

RANDALL
Do you read French, Mrs. Rankin?

MARY
(nodding)
With difficulty.

RANDALL
Anything new about our great mystery?

RANKIN
I've heard nothing.

RANDALL
Queer business, isn't it?

RANKIN
Very.

RANDALL
What would a South American... just off a boat... be doing in our incosmopolitan little town? Answer that one and I think the mystery is solved.

RANKIN
I'm afraid I can't... answer that one.

MRS. LAWRENCE'S voice, suddenly raised, interrupts them.

MRS. LAWRENCE
Jeff... bring Mr. Wilson over here. I want to speak to him.

Obediently, Dr. Lawrence and Wilson move to her side.

DR. LAWRENCE
Let me present you to my grandmother, Mr. Wilson.

WILSON
(shaking hands)
How do you do, Mrs. Lawrence?

MRS. LAWRENCE
Been wanting to see you. D'you know you're the number one suspect in our murder case?

WILSON
Oh.

227 CONTINUED: (3)

MRS. LAWRENCE
So far, you're the only suspect. Potter put the finger on you. He thinks you committed the crime to get possession of some priceless antique.

WILSON
(laughing)
I was afraid of that.

There is general laughter and then normal conversation breaks out again. RANKIN comes to WILSON'S side.

RANKIN
Let me get you another drink, Wilson?

WILSON
Thank you.

Suddenly, the clock begins chiming five. The noise makes conversation impossible. Everyone is forced to raise their voices and start shouting to make themselves heard. Mrs. Lawrence's rises above them.

MRS. LAWRENCE
Charles Rankin... I wish you'd left that clock alone. Harper was a nice quiet place until it began banging.

Mary moves away, CAMERA staying with her. Standing alone, she clasps her hands so that the knuckles show white. She stands thus for a long moment until she has regained her composure.

DISSOLVE TO:

228 INT. HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Mary, Rankin at her elbow, stands in the doorway, speeding the last guest.

MARY
Yes... lovely... Friday night.

She closes the door and turns, hard and composed. As she faces Rankin, their eyes meet and hold. She smiles at him triumphantly. Her hand goes to her throat and she runs one finger around the inside of the necklace as though it were suddenly too tight for her. Then she raises both hands and attempts to unfasten it. The catch sticks. She jerks at it. It still sticks.

RANKIN
Here... let me help you.

(CONTINUED)

228 CONTINUED:

He takes a step towards her and stops as she suddenly breaks into a wild sobbing. Sara enters as Mary, with a harried gesture, tears at the strand with both hands, snapping the thread. The beads scatter and roll across the floor, unnoticed. By this break in her control, Mary has signed her death warrant. Rankin no longer has time for delay. He puts a comforting arm around her shoulder and starts leading her upstairs. Sara watches them, unhappily.

DISSOLVE TO:

229 INT. JUDGE LONGSTREET'S STUDY - NIGHT

Judge Longstreet, Noah, Dr. Lawrence and Sara are present with Wilson, to whom Sara is speaking. All eyes are fixed on her.

SARA
She just stood there... pulling at the necklace as though...

WILSON
(quietly)
As though it were a noose around her throat.
(for the first time there is a note of triumph in his voice)
Go on.

SARA
It broke... and the beads scattered all over the floor.
(she pauses... then with venom)
He took her upstairs. When I left I could still hear her crying.

LAWRENCE
(coming to his feet suddenly)
You can't let this go on, Wilson. Have him arrested. What more do you need?

JUDGE LONGSTREET
We've been all over this. He needs her acknowledgement of the truth. Until then, nothing.
(he pauses)
I'm not enjoying this any more than the rest of you. But it's nearly over.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

229 CONTINUED:

JUDGE LONGSTREET (CONT'D)
(he hesitates. Then:)
The pattern's so clear. The drawn curtains... to shut out the light of truth. Refusing to go anywhere... the admission of her own complicity. And now... the break.

WILSON
The floodgates have opened. Her subconscious has almost won.
(pause)
From now on, we must know every move Mrs. Rankin makes. She's never to leave the house, unless I know where she's going. If, for any reason, I can't be reached... she's to be detained... no matter on what pretext.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
You understand, Sara?

SARA
(grimly)
Don't worry. She won't get by me.

JUDGE LONGSTREET
(his voice tortured)
When she snapped those beads, she signed her death warrant. We're carrying her life in our hands. Every time she walks on a slippery sidewalk... is near anything that can fall... drives an automobile... anything that could result in accidental death... her life is in danger.

LAWRENCE
(suddenly)
Great heavens!

WILSON
Yes?

LAWRENCE
I gave Rankin a prescription for sleeping pills... yesterday... before I knew... an overdose of them...

WILSON
You've no cause to worry, Dr. Lawrence. You gave Rankin the prescription. He'd never dare use
(MORE)

229 CONTINUED: (2)

WILSON (CONT'D)
it. It wouldn't have the required quality of accident.

In the distance, the clock starts to strike ten.

DISSOLVE TO:

230 CLOSE SHOT

Glass of milk, steam rising from it, on a small silver tray. The chimes continue. CAMERA PULLS BACK to WIDER ANGLE. The tray is on a small table in Rankin's room. He stands at the medicine cabinet in the bathroom beyond. In the distance the clock finishes chiming.

Rankin takes a small bottle out and comes forward to the table. He opens the bottle. He shakes eight or ten of the pellets into his hands. Thinks a minute. Restores all the pellets to the bottle, save one That he drops into the milk. Then, tray in hand, exits into adjoining room.

231 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The lights are on, the windows completely covered by drawn curtains. The bed has been occupied and the covers are thrown back. Mary, in negligee, walks back and forth across the room. Her eyes are sleepless. She turns to face RANKIN.

RANKIN
(smiling)
It's time you were asleep.

Obediently, she gets into bed.

RANKIN
(seating himself beside her)
Drink this, my darling.
(she obediently starts sipping it)
You'll sleep now.
(he smiles at her)
I put a sleeping pill in it.

MARY
I don't want any medicine. I'm all right, Charles. Really, I am.

RANKIN
And I don't want you lying awake. I like having a beautiful wife.

She continues to drink the hot milk in silence. Then:

231 CONTINUED:

RANKIN
(taking the empty glass from her hand and turning off the light)
Sleep, my darling.

MARY
(settling down... drowsily)
Good night, Charles.

RANKIN
Good night, Mary.

Her eyes close. He stands watching her in silence by the half light coming through the door to his room. Her breathing becomes heavier. She is asleep. He looks around him. Then crosses to the window, pulls back the curtains quietly, raises the shade a few inches, and opens the window. Again he looks down at her, then quietly goes into his own room, closing the door behind him.

232 INT. RANKIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

He hastily starts dressing.

DISSOLVE TO:

233 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Rankin slips from the desorted street into the dark which is the doorway of the Church.

DISSOLVE TO:

234 INT. BELFRY - NIGHT

A thin wedge of moonlight stabs down from above onto the foot of the ladder. Rankin ascends into scene. He stands beside the ladder and his hand touches it once. Then he climbs halfway up and, hanging to the ladder, takes a flashlight from his pocket. He begins a meticulous examination of the dowels that connect the rungs to the uprights. Above, the clock begins chiming midnight.

235 INT. WILSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wilson, in pyjamas and dressing gown stands at the window, smoking his pipe. The striking of the hour continues.

236 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

Through the window, Wilson sees the clock, the angel making his march as the hour chimes.

237 INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The chiming of the clock has not ceased.

Mary lies perfectly still, her breathing regular and undisturbed. Her bare arms rest on the outside of the coverlet. Slowly she brings her hands together and dry washes them in the immemorial gesture of blood guilt. Now her subconscious is in control and thus she acknowledges her complicity in the crimes of Walther Kuhn.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

238 INT. CLASS ROOM - NEXT DAY

INSERT: TIMETABLE ON RANKIN'S DESK. It reads:

3:25 PHONE MARY

3:30 POTTER'S DRUG STORE

ESTABLISH TIME

4:00 LEAVE POTTER'S

Rankin's hand adds the last entry:

4:05 HOME

OVER SCENE, there is the sound of footsteps and boys' voices as the class assembles. CAMERA PULLS BACK to FULL SHOT as Rankin, rising from his desk, slips the paper into his pocket and faces the class. The wall clock indicates half past two. Rankin's manner is relaxed. All strain has fallen from him.

RANKIN
Good afternoon, gentlemen.

BOYS
Good afternoon, sir.

RANKIN
(glancing at clock on wall behind him, comparing it with his watch)
Today we will attempt to finish with the career of Friedrich der Grosse, Konig Von Preussen, Kurfurst Von Brandenberg, Prinz Von Polen... Frederick, the Great, to you...
(MORE)

238 CONTINUED:

RANKIN (CONT'D)
(laughter in the class. He smiles)
The monarch with the handy poison vial. After his conquest of Silesia, the position of Prussia was greatly enhanced...

As he continues with his lecture:

DISSOLVE TO:

239 INT. POTTER'S DRUG STORE - DAY

The panes of the store windows are heavily frosted. A stove next to Potter's swivel chair is going full blast, roaring gently. Boys come in the door singly and in groups, all clad in mackintoshes, galoshes. They look cheerful and chilly.

Through the glass door of the telephone booth, Rankin can see all this. A wall clock shows it is now 3:25 Rankin, hearing an answer, speaks urgently into the telephone.

RANKIN
Mary... something very important has just occurred. I want you to come to the clock tower... immediately. Tell no one where you're going. Try not to let anyone see you enter the church. You can park in the rear and come in through the back door.
(he pauses)
That's right, darling. Hurry.

He hangs up and pulls open the door to the booth. As he does so, Potter comes in from the back of the store, preceded by Peabody, who carries an armful of wood. Potter directs Peabody towards the front of the store, indicating the wood box.

MR. POTTER
Stack the rest of it down there, Mr. Peabody, and get back to the office.
(to Rankin)
Afternoon, perfessor. Looks like it's coming up fer snow.

Rankin seats himself in the checker player's chair. Potter is already in his comfortable throne. His junior partner now drops a piece of wood in his anxiety.

MR. POTTER
Watch that, Mr. Peabody... Your move, perfessor.

240 INT. RANKIN HOME

Mary, hatted and gloved, is coming down the stairs. Sara appears at the living room door, broom in hand.

SARA
Goin' some place?
(Mary nods)
Where to?
(Mary pretends not to hear the question. Starts on)
I asked you where you were goin', Miss Mary.

MARY
(stops)
I heard.

SARA
Well?

MARY
Sara, you seem to forget, I'm not a child any longer but a married woman.

SARA
You ain't been married very long...
(Mary glances at her, surprised. Then decides to ignore Sara's behavior, starts on)
Wait, Mrs. Rankin.

MARY
(sharply)
What is it, Sara, I'm in a hurry.

SARA
(aggrieved)
Well, you don't need to go bitin' my head off.

MARY
If you wish to say something, say it.

SARA
(helplessly)
I don't know what's got into you lately, Miss Mary, indeed I don't. You was never mean to me like this, back at the old house.

240 CONTINUED:

MARY
(resignedly)
Oh, Sara.

SARA
(raises the corner of her apron, dabs at her eyes)
Maybe I've outworn my usefulness. I know I ain't as young as I used to be. Maybe you don't want me around anymore.

MARY
In heaven's name, Sara, stop talking such nonsense.

SARA
It's true, and you know it. I'll pack my things and be off.

MARY
I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, Sara. I'm sorry if I was rude to you. Why, I wouldn't know what to do without you, Sara.

SARA
(through her tears)
Honest, Miss Mary?

MARY
(crossing her heart)
Honest to goodness. You shan't ever leave me, Sara.

SARA
The way I feel about you, like you was my own daughter.

Mary hugs her. Kisses her on the cheek.

MARY
Sara, I must go. I promised to be somewhere.

SARA
Where, Miss Mary?

MARY
Stop fussing, Sara.
(smiling)
It's a secret.

She kisses Sara once more, and again starts for the door.

241 EXT. RANKIN HOUSE

Mary gets into the car. There is suddenly a cry from within the house. Mary turns and runs across the lawn.

242 INT. RANKIN HOUSE

Sara is on her knees, one hand over her heart. Mary rushes in.

MARY
What's the matter, Sara?

SARA
(gasping)
My heart...

Mary runs toward the kitchen. Sara continues to gasp until Mary reappears with a glass of water. She puts it to Sara's lips. Sara swallows a little, then gasps agonizingly.

SARA
I can't breathe... the pain... oh...

Mary runs into the other room, gets a pillow.

MARY
Lie flat. Don't stir.

Sara obeys.

SARA
Don't leave me, Miss Mary. Maybe I'm dying.

MARY
No... I won't leave you.

She runs to the telephone, picks it up.

MARY
One three O, please... Hello... This is Mary, Jeff. Sara is having a heart attack. Will you come right out?
(pause)
What should I do in the meantime?...
All right, Jeff... hurry.
(she hangs up. .comes back, kneels beside Sara)
Doctor Lawrence is coming right out, Sara. He said for you just to lie quietly.

242 CONTINUED:

SARA
(a hand on Mary's arm)
You won't leave me, will you?

MARY
No, Sara. I won't leave you.

Mary gets up and goes back to the telephone.

MARY
(into telephone)
Four one eight... Noah there, Lucy?..
May I speak to him, please?
(after a pause)
Hello, Noah... I was supposed to meet Charles in the clock tower but I'm delayed. Will you go there and tell him something has happened and that I can't come right away. Tell him to wait... And, Noah... nobody's to know. Don't let on where you're going or why... There's a reason... Thank you, Noah.

DISSOLVE TO:

243 INT. POTTER'S DAY

Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Lundstrum come into the drug store and, at the same moment, Potter makes the final move of the checker game. Rankin turns to greet the ladies.

MR. POTTER
My game, Perfessor.

RANKIN
Mrs. Rand... Mrs. Lundstrum...
(he eyes pretty Mrs. Rand and speaks to Mrs. Lundstrum)
Isn't it after hours? You're working too hard at the library...

MRS. LUNDSTRUM
Why, no, Mr. Rankin. We closed at 3:30... as per usual.

RANKIN
3:30? It can't be... I'm still in... Oh, you're right... I dismissed class 10 minutes early today.

Both ladies are breathless with excitement and overjoyed to find themselves in conversation with Rankin.

243 CONTINUED:

MRS. RAND
Wish I was one of your pupils...
(giggles)

RANKIN
(glances at his watch)
Why... it's three forty-four...

244 TRAVELING SHOT

As he speaks, the CAMERA begins to move slowly toward the window. We glimpse Rankin, speaking to the ladies, as CAMERA CONTINUES TO MOVE until it seems to press against the pane. Across from Potter's we see Noah and Wilson climbing the church steps. CAMERA HOLDS on Noah and Wilson as Rankin continues:

RANKIN
...I've been playing checkers all this time with Mr. Potter and I didn't realize it.

Noah and Wilson open the door of the church and enter. The door swings wide and begins to shut, very slowly.

MRS. RAND'S VOICE
(gushingly)
You know what you are, Mr. Rankin?
You're the absent-minded professor...
(this bit of wit convulses her - she is in a state of mild hysteria as she moves off towards the back of the store, her heels clicking on the wooden floor.)

CAMERA BEGINS TO MOVE BACK FROM WINDOW. The church door is still closing.

Potter kicks a carriage bell under the counter, which brings Peabody in from next door to serve Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Lundstrum, who are seated at one of the little marble tables.

During the foregoing Potter has set up the checkers again.

CAMERA, STILL MOVING BACK, shows that the door of the church now lacks a few inches of being shut.

245 TWO SHOT RANKIN AND POTTER

MR. POTTER
Another game?

245 CONTINUED:

RANKIN
(glancing over at the church, the door of which is now closed)
You're a bad influence, Mr. Potter. I just meant to drop in here for a minute, and look - you're making me spend the whole afternoon.

MR. POTTER
The last game was mine.

The clock begins to chime, booming across the square with a tremendous, deafening thunder.

RANKIN
(shouting over the din)
Listen to the tenor strain in that chime. It's quarter to four.

MR. POTTER
(speaking up only slightly we can make him out)
That last one was my game.

RANKIN
(really shouting)
I say it's quarter to four.

MR. POTTER
(shouting back)
Twenty-five cents, please.

Rankin reaches in his pocket, pays Potter who promptly puts the quarter in the cash register and rings it up.

DISSOLVE TO:

246 INT. BELFRY - AFTERNOON

The clock is just finishing chiming. Wilson, followed by Noah, mounts the stairs and enters the belfry. Without speaking, he and Noah look at each other. The belfry vibrates. Noah starts across to ladder. Below it, the emptiness yawns awesomely. His foot touches the first rung. Wilson's hand on his arm stops him. Wilson takes his place. He mounts the first rung.

247 WILSON'S FEET ON THE LADDER

The left one rises to the second rung. The right one is lifted to join it. The left one rises to the third. The right one joins it. The left one rises to the fourth. The right one is

247 CONTINUED:

lifted from the third rung. Thus, Wilson's weight is now on the fourth. Before the right foot can reach it, there is the sound of crashing wood and WILSON'S FEET drop below CAMERA range as CAMERA jerks back to show him, hanging by his right hand from a higher rung. In his left he holds a section of the left upright with two rungs attached to it.

Noah rushes to help Wilson down. As he regains the safety of the belfry floor, his loud breathing and Noah's is distinctly audible.

NOAH
(breaking the silence)
Golly!

WILSON
(examining the wood in his hand)
He really had the wind up. You can still smell the glue where he joined it.

Without further ado, they turn and start down again.

248 INT. POTTER'S - DAY

Light, feathery snow is now falling fast outside Potter's window.

MR. POTTER
(ringing up another twenty-five cents on his cash register, he leans back in his chair happily and swivels himself around towards window)
Reckon I'm just lucky... Look there, Perfessor... like I told you... it's come up fer snow.

He swivels back to counter and gives the carriage bell a hearty whang with his foot.

MR. POTTER
Peabody!

Mrs. Rand and Mrs. Lundstrum are on their way out of the store.

MRS. RAND
(to Potter)
Mr. Peabody said he'd gone off home for the baked beans.

248 CONTINUED:

MR. POTTER
Thanks, lady.

With a great sigh, he heaves himself out of his chair, grumbling to himself, and goes into the other part of his establishment.

RANKIN
(giving the girls a big smile)
How do you like your clock now, ladies?

They murmur and croon their appreciation to this.

RANKIN
Be sure and hear it when it strikes... The hour. The effect is really wonderful. In about two minutes from now it'll be four o'clock. Don't fail to listen.

MRS. LUNDSTRUM
I don't see how we can miss it.

MRS. RAND
(shrieking hysterically)
Oh, Mrs. Lundstrum!

With much ado, buttoning their coat collars, pulling at their gloves, the two ladies leave the store. As they pass by the window outside, still giggling, Mrs. Rand looks back and waggles her fingers in goodbye to Rankin.

Rankin, now alone, goes around behind the counter to the stove beside Potter's chair. He takes the schedule from his pocket, removes the lid from the stove and holds the slip near the flames until it begins to burn. He watches it for a moment, then drops it into the stove and replaces the lid.

DISSOLVE TO:

249 INT. RANKIN HOUSE - DAY

As Rankin enters, we catch a glimpse of swirling snow outside. The clock is finishing its tolling of the hour. Rankin closes the door and stands listening until the clock stops ringing. Then:

RANKIN
Mary!

There's no answer. But after a moment he hears footsteps coming from the kitchen wing. The door to the rear part of the house opens and Mary and Dr. Lawrence appear. Rankin

249 CONTINUED:

stands still, amazement on his face. Upon seeing him, Mary also stops. Dr. Lawrence nods.

RANKIN
What...

MARY
(over her immediate surprise)
Sara's ill.

RANKIN
(awkwardly)
Oh.

LAWRENCE
There doesn't seem to be anything really wrong with her heart. Keep her in bed for a day or so and then have her come down to my office and I'll give her a thorough going-over.

MARY
All right, Jeff.

LAWRENCE
(in spite of himself, stiffly)
How are you, Rankin?

RANKIN
(forcing a smile)
Well... thank you.

Dr. Lawrence exits. As the door closes behind him, the two turn to face each other.

MARY
I was getting into the car when Sara had this attack. Naturally I couldn't leave her.

RANKIN
Naturally.

He turns abruptly and exits into living room. She looks after him, puzzled at his attitude. Then follows him.

250 INT. LIVING ROOM

Rankin is winding the grandfather's clock. Mary stands in doorway watching him. Finally:

250 CONTINUED:

MARY
(coming forward)
What's the matter, Charles?

RANKIN
(sharply)
There's nothing the matter.

MARY
Then why...

RANKIN
Be quiet!
(then, catching himself)
I'm sorry. The strain's beginning to tell on me.
(she raises her eyes to his. He smiles, trying for the old charm)
You see, I have my weak moments, too.

MARY
Why did you want to see me? It was something important, you said.

RANKIN
It wasn't, actually.
(he's playing for time and inspiration)
My sense of proportion fails me these days. Little things take on monstrous shapes.
(he touches his forehead)
My head aches.

MARY
Please, Charles, -- What was it?

RANKIN
(anger rising in spite of himself)
I'll tell you in my own good time.

MARY
(tonelessly)
Have they found out anything more?

RANKIN
There's nothing for them to find out. Unless you...

250 CONTINUED: (2)

MARY
I've seen no one all day. I stayed in my room.

RANKIN
(his self-control restored)
There's a rumor going around that an arrest is to be made.
(rubs his right temple with the heel of his hand)

RANKIN
My head... it was only a rumor... but -- the incident of the beads, yesterday, made me doubt your strength. I thought perhaps you'd seen your father again... told him something --- If you had, my hours were numbered. I wanted to be alone with you for a little while. Now that the clock is running, I thought no one would think to look for me in the tower. After I had time to think, I knew that the danger was all in my imagination. So, I came home.

MARY
You didn't need to be afraid...

251 INT. RANKIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rankin, morose, stands by the window looking out towards the woods. Now that his plan for doing away with Mary has failed, a new plan must be evolved. She sits upright on the couch, staring into space. Suddenly she speaks.

MARY
What did you tell Noah?

RANKIN
(without turning)
About what?

MARY
(looking up quickly)
Didn't you see him?

RANKIN
(not knowing what she is talking about)
Why should I?

251 CONTINUED:

MARY
Did you come directly from the church?

RANKIN
(turning to her)
Am I being cross examined?

MARY
When I found I couldn't leave Sara, I phoned Noah... told him to go to you... tell you I was detained.

RANKIN
(furiously)
I said you were to tell no one.

MARY
But surely Noah...

RANKIN
(imperiously)
Call him and tell him not to go.

MARY
He's gone long since. I talked to him half an hour ago.

RANKIN
(suddenly shouting)
Call him, I say!
(all control gone)
If he dies, his blood is on your hands... not mine.

MARY
(coming to her feet)
Charles... what are you saying...

RANKIN
(ranting)
It's your meddling that's caused all this. If it hadn't been for you I'd have been safe. Nothing could have touched me. Nothing. But you had to be here... that day... hanging your stupid curtains... You had to call Noah...

MARY
(sharply)
Charles... have you killed Noah!

RANKIN
If he went to the clock tower...

251 CONTINUED: (2)

MARY
How could God have been so cruel? Why wasn't it I? It wasn't intended for him.
(facing him)
It was I you planned to kill. And God shouldn't have allowed it to be otherwise... Franz Kindler.

At the mention of his name, all expression leaves Rankin's face. His eyes are dull, his mouth hanging slightly open.

MARY
Kill me, Franz Kindler. I want it. I couldn't face life again with the knowledge of what I've been to you... What I've done to Noah. Only don't put your hands on me when you kill me. Here... use this...

She picks up a poker and holds it out to him. He starts towards her, arms hanging loose at his sides. He raises one hand to take the poker from her. OVER SCENE there is the sound of a car approaching.

252 EXT. RANKIN HOUSE - DAY

Judge Longstreet drives his big sedan towards the house at high speed. In it are Wilson, Dr. Lawrence and Noah. The car skids to a stop in front of the house. The four men hurry from it. They mount the steps to the front door. The judge's hand presses the door bell, insistently. There is no answer. Wilson's hand tries the knob. It doesn't turn. Suddenly he throws his full weight against the door. It flies open. He rushes in, still carrying his fragment of ladder... the others at his heels.

253 INT. RANKIN LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mary stands motionless, facing the door leading to the rear terrace. They stand open, a cold wind blowing the curtains into the room. The poker lies on the floor at her feet. Rankin is gone. The group stands in the doorway a second. Slowly, Mary turns to face it. Her eyes widen incredulously as she sees Noah.

MARY
(a sudden shriek)
NOAH!

Mary's eyes go blank; she faints but we see the moment from her viewpoint -

254 IMPRESSIONISTIC MONTAGE

(Sound)

Above the queer music accompanying the montage, we hear, on the track, the following dialogue: It is, quite realistically, what goes on in the Rankin living room from the moment Mary faints --

In Mary's eyes, the room tilts crazily... Noah catapults towards the CAMERA, his face filling the screen... Superimposed over this is the strong, black silhouette of a high ladder. This falls with Noah and stops with him just ahead of his face. He grasps a rung of the ladder. It breaks and Noah falls out of scene. CAMERA tilts to follow his hands...They clutch first at one rung then at another... rung after rung shatters under his weight - - finally a rung holds -- The last. Beneath it the two shafts of the ladder stretch down into space like a pair of cosmic stilts. Red, the dog, is at the base of this lunatic machine (seen very distantly because Mary's delirious eye is viewing this scene from a great height). He howls furiously and claws at the foot of the shaft...His baying echoes and merges strangely with the music. Noah, clinging to the last rung looks as if he were treed. But now - CAMERA closes in on him and shows us suddenly that it is not Noah after all! It is Rankin...

NOAH'S VOICE
"Mary! Mary!"

LAWRENCE'S VOICE
"Make her comfortable."

WILSON'S VOICE
(somewhat off - very angrily and with it the sound of a telephone received being jiggled noisily)
"Operator! Operator!!"

LAWRENCE'S VOICE
"She'll come out of it. Don't worry."
(the jiggling noise of the receiver hook continues throughout)

WILSON'S VOICE
"Operator - Get me the State police."

NOAH'S VOICE
"But what about Rankin? He's got away!"

(CONTINUED)

254 CONTINUED:

WILSON'S VOICE
"He won't get far -"

JUDGE'S VOICE
(still anxious)
"Get your sister some water, Noah, on the double!"

LAWRENCE'S VOICE
(soothingly)
"It's quite all right, Judge Longstreet."

WILSON'S VOICE
(furiously)
"Yes, operator! The State police."

LAWRENCE'S VOICE
(continuing under Wilson's)
"We'll get her to bed and she'll be fine in the morning. You need have no fear."

On the screen, Rankin looking steadily into the lens, speaks now (at this point the realistic sequence of dialogue is finished -- we are totally within Mary's delirious dream.)

RANKIN
(quietly - - repeating Lawrence's words which were also his own from earlier in the story)
"You need have no fear".
(he is still clinging perilously to the last rung of the ladder)
"You won't fall, you won't fall - fall - fall"

CAMERA moves in on Rankin's face - - closer and closer - - until only one of his eyes fills the screen, monstrously...

RANKIN'S VOICE
"Failing to speak... you became part of the crime... With these hands. The same hands that have held you close to me... The hands stand for progress, which would not occur by fits and starts but according to the laws of harmonic motion."

254 CONTINUED: (2)

(By this time Rankin's eye is so large that only the pupil remains, filling the screen and at these last words the eye changes queerly into the face of the clock. The music is heavy with the rhythmic grinding of the works -

The shadow of the iron demon falls over the screen and now we commence to hear distinctly and strangely the tolling of the clock.)

RANKIN'S VOICE
(through this)
"My first impression of Harper was the incongruity of a Gothic clock in a Connecticut church tower..."

Here comes the transition from Mary's dream to actuality. The music of the montage stops sharply and we CUT to the ceiling of Mary's bedroom. Rankin's voice continues.

255 INT. MARY's BEDROOM - NIGHT

The CAMERA, angled on the ceiling, shows a macabre pattern of moonlight. The grimacing demon is really the twisted shadow of a tree outside the window.

RANKIN'S VOICE
"It's beautiful that way... Beautiful..."

The CAMERA moves down off the ceiling showing the curtains of the bedroom blowing in the night breeze, and then, Mary's feverish face which fills the screen in the foreground. Her eyes are opened. This is the same moment in which we discovered her in the introduction of the picture. She is counting the hour as the clock tolls it and she winces at the sound. It is as vivid a reminder of Rankin as his own voice would be.

Very softly now, under the real sound of the distant clock, his voice goes on and Mary, listening to it, is taken back to their first day together at the brook... (Music suggests this weirdly)...

RANKIN'S VOICE
"My favorite walk... through the cemetery... over the little brook... and then the woods..."

The clock ceases chiming. But, it has served its purpose. Mary knows where Rankin is. She rises.

DISSOLVE TO:

256 EXT. LONGSTREET HOME - NIGHT

(as before, in the opening of the picture)

The terrace is bright with moonlight. The French doors from the living room open and Mary, fully dressed, a small package under one arm, comes out. CAMERA PANS with her as she hastens across the terrace towards the fields in the distance. Then CAMERA SWINGS BACK TO THE HOUSE. A gust of wind blows the open door shut with a loud bang.

257 INT. SARA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sara, alarmed by the sound, sits up. She gathers a dressing gown about her, rises, and goes forth to investigate.

-- [149] --

258 SCENE OUT

259 SARA AT MARY'S DOOR

The door swings wide, she sees the room is empty. Her voice rises in a piercing scream.

SARA
JUDGE LONGSTREET. JUDGE LONGSTREET.

260 SCENE OUT

261 EXT. LONGSTREET HOME - NIGHT

Judge Longstreet, buttoning his coat, hurries out followed by Noah, who runs off scene ahead of him.

262 EXT. THE CEMETERY - NIGHT

Unhesitatingly, Mary picks her way through the rows of tombstones. She again hears RANKIN'S VOICE.

RANKIN'S VOICE
James Longstreet, 1896-1917. Died for his country. Noah Longstreet 1842-1863. Died for his country William Longstreet, 1713-1794. Died for his country...

Ahead of her looms the church, its rear door in plain view. She hesitates a moment.

263 EXT. LONGSTREET GARAGE - NIGHT

Judge Longstreet and Noah drive out towards town.

264 INT. CHURCH - NIGHT

It is full of ghostly shadows and half tones from the moonlight, diffused through stained glass windows. Mary moves down the side aisle across the rear of the first section of pews, thence down the center aisle towards the open door leading into the vestibule.

265 INT. WILSON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Wilson is seated by the window looking out at the clock tower. He is talking on the phone.

WILSON
(quietly - easily)
Yes... road-blocks are up - we're watching the railroad station and he isn't hiding in the woods...
(there is a sharp knock on the door)

NOAH
(offscene - very excitedly)
Mr. Wilson!!

WILSON
Come in!
(speaking into the phone again and still looking through the window at the clock tower)
If he's where I think he is it's going to be easy - We'll do everything possible to get him alive.

NOAH
(bursting into the room)
She's gone, Mr. Wilson! She's left the house!

WILSON
(throws the receiver on the hook and turns to Noah, his voice quiet but his eyes full of anxiety)
The clock tower?

NOAH
I don't know.

265 CONTINUED:

WILSON
(grimly)
If that's where he's hiding and she gets there before us - -

NOAH
(in a small voice)
What will we do?

WILSON
(rushing out of the room, shouting after him)
Call Capt. Samuels, and the deputies! Get all the help you can!

266 INT. HALLWAY IN THE HOTEL

Wilson racing toward the stairs goes past the CAMERA. We hear his footsteps offscreen as Noah in the door calls after him.

NOAH
Where, Mr. Wilson? Where!?

Offscreen Wilson cries out in pain and we hear the sound of him taking a bad fall on the stairs. Noah reacts and dashes down the stairway, CAMERA following. Wilson is in a heap near the foot of the stairs. He has sprained his ankle.

NOAH
Mr. Wilson!

Noah helping him, Wilson gets painfully to his feet.

WILSON
(gasping through his teeth)
The church... the church...

NOAH
But what about you, Mr. Wilson?

WILSON
(breathing hard as he starts to move)
I'll get there - Hurry up now!.. Your sister may be still alive!

With a worried look at Wilson, Noah hurries off scene. Wilson hobbles after him.

266 CONTINUED:

WILSON
(grimly)
I'll get there...

DISSOLVE TO:

267 INT. VESTIBULE - NIGHT

Mary, package under her arm, begins mounting towards the belfry. CAMERA stays on her as she climbs into the belfry. She sees the ladder with its missing section. Clutching her package under one arm, with her free hand she grasps the one still standing upright and mounts the first rung.

RANKIN'S VOICE comes out of the darkness.

RANKIN'S VOICE
Don't move. I have a gun.

268 CLOSE SHOT - MARY

She stands rigid on the first rung.

MARY
(quietly)
You don't need it. I'm alone.

RANKIN'S VOICE
(incredulously)
What are you doing here?

MARY
(levelly)
I brought you food. I was afraid you would be hungry.

269 INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Rankin stands in the deep shadows beside the door leading into the clock room itself. His face, haggard and unshaven, betrays his incredulity. Can it be possible that he still holds this girl.

RANKIN
Are you telling the truth?

MARY'S VOICE
Why should I lie?

He moves forward and looks down at her.

270 INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Rankin is in immediate foreground, with Mary below him, looking up. Below her there is a bottomless pit.

(CONTINUED)

270 CONTINUED:

RANKIN
Were you followed here?

MARY
I came past the woods... across the brook... through the cemetery. No one saw me.

271 INT. BELFRY - NIGHT

Above her, Rankin kneels and stretches one arm down to her.

RANKIN
Come up.

She looks up at him... mounts one more rung...then reaches out her free hand to him. He takes it in his. She lets herself go. Her body swings over the yawning space leading to the church below. For a second she hangs motionless. Then, slowly, he starts to pull her up.

272 INT. LANDING - NIGHT

Rankin pulls her into scene. She still carries her package. They both gain their feet. In silence, Rankin throws open the door to the clock room. She enters it. He follows.

273 INT. CLOCK ROOM - NIGHT

The old lantern hangs from a cross beam. A burlap bag screens the window to hide its rays. Rankin closes the door. The rhythm of the clock's motor is loud in their ears as they face each other. Finally:

RANKIN
(his hand outstretched)
Give me the food.

Silently, she hands him the package. She watches him as he tears the paper, revealing a shoe box. He jerks off the lid. He is staring down at emptiness. He looks up at her slowly.

MARY
(quietly)
I needed the excuse. I was afraid you wouldn't let me up.

RANKIN
What do you want?

MARY
I came to kill you.

273 CONTINUED:

RANKIN
What a little fool you are. Coming here alone... still meddling... You've forced me. You were meant to fall through that ladder. Now you're going to.

MARY
I don't mind. If I take you with me.

RANKIN
They've searched the woods. I watched them this afternoon...
(pointing to the window)
...there... like God looking at little ants... scurrying away their futile lives. So, you'll fall... I'll go through the graveyard... gain the woods... They won't search it again. A day or two and they'll be sure I've left town.

MARY
Not when they find me. They'll know you're still here.

RANKIN
You are a fool. Everyone knows you've been on the verge of cracking up. Now, you've cracked. Why else would you leave your bed... come to a deserted church in the dead of night... climb to an empty clock tower. Any child could see you'd wind up killing yourself.

He is interrupted by the sudden slamming of the clock tower door. WILSON STANDS BEFORE HIM. A gun appears in Rankin's hand.

WILSON
(sweating with pain, but his tone cool and final)
Killing has led you here. It won't help you now.

OVER SCENE there rises the sound of voices.

WILSON
The citizens of Harper, Kuhn. They're waiting for you.
(MORE)

273 CONTINUED: (2)

WILSON (CONT'D)
(Rankin retreats two steps)
You can kill me... Mary... half of Harper. And still there's no escape. You had the world and it closed in on you till there was only Harper. That closed in and then there was only this room. And this room, too, is closing in...

Rankin's face has again been stripped of all expression; the eyes are dull, the mouth hanging open. As Wilson's indictment sinks into him, a faint moistness appears on his lips. His eyes come alive, crazed, frenetic. Suddenly he is slobbering.

RANKIN
It's not true. What they say. I didn't do it. It was their idea. I only followed orders.

WILSON
You gave the orders.

RANKIN
I only did my duty.
(pleading)
Don't make me face them. I can't go back. I'm not a criminal.

MARY
You are...

Rankin turns to face her.

MARY
(repeating the words, dully)
You are...

This is the moment Wilson has waited. His foot lashes out, kicking Rankin's wrist. Wilson stumbles, gasping with pain, and falls. The gun flies across the room. It lands at Mary's feet. She snatches it up. Her hand is steady as she faces him.

RANKIN
(screaming)
Don't. I can't die. I'm not ready to die.

The clock begins striking the half hour... loud... strident. Wilson, in dreadful agony, crawls toward Rankin.

273 CONTINUED: (3)

RANKIN
(his voice rising
over the clamor)
It's my monument. After two hundred years. It runs... because of me.

He reaches the window. His knees buckle over the ledge. His arms flail the air wildly as he seeks something to which he can cling. He disappears from sight.

274 EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

Rankin has fallen onto the thin ledge beneath the clock. He scrambles to his feet...looks around wildly for an avenue of escape. The demon passes him in its rotary motion across the clock, almost knocking him off the ledge. Then he hastens through the portal at the right of clock. OVER SCENE there rises the piercing scream heard in the opening of the picture, then Rankin emerges, carried impaled upon the Angel's sword.

275 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

The townspeople are gathered in full force, as in the opening of the picture, all eyes turned upward toward the face of the clock.

276 EXT. CLOCK TOWER - NIGHT

The CAMERA, shooting from a high elevation, carries a section of the clock in f.g., the ledge blocking the view of a section of the street below. Beyond the ledge, townspeople can be seen running across the green. The Angel has almost completed its march across the clock. Rankin, impaled upon its sword, is struggling to free himself. Just before the Angel reaches its exit, his last struggles dislodge the Angel from its base with a shriek of tortured metal. Within the clock itself there is a wild grinding of gears suddenly released and the hands of the clock spin wildly as the Angel and Rankin, locked in a gruesome embrace, veer slowly out and fall to the street below, out of CAMERA range. As they fall, the townspeople on the green below can be seen hastily pulling back as the bodies hurtle toward them. Their excited cries rise OVER SCENE. The hands of the clock, still wildly spinning, squeak and rattle as the works clatter to a stop.

277 EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT - A DIFFERENT ANGLE

This is the same setup as used in the introduction of the picture...The backs of the New England townspeople silhouetted against the sky and the church tower, in forced perspective, looming above them.

278 INT. BELFRY OF CHURCH - NIGHT

This is the landing just beneath the clock. Judge Longstreet and Dr. Lawrence have just finished helping Mary down the broken ladder. The Judge takes his daughter in his arms. Lawrence is very close to her.

LAWRENCE
(calling up to the clock tower)
All right, Mr. Wilson. Mary's safe. Let me give you a hand.

Wilson is seated just at the opening. He is cheerfully nursing his foot and mending his pipe stem again (it broke in the scuffle) with adhesive tape.

WILSON
(calling down)
No, thanks.

Potter, with a couple of State troopers, stumbles up to the landing.

MR. POTTER
(very excitedly)
Hi! What happened?

WILSON
(with a quiet smile)
V-Day in Harper.

MR. POTTER
(turning to Lawrence and Mary)
I don't get that.
(calling up again)
Come on down.

WILSON
(with a rueful grin)
Not 'til you get me a new ladder. I've had my head conked and my ankle busted. From here on in, my friends, I'm taking it easy.

MR. POTTER
(to Lawrence)
What's he talkin' about?

LAWRENCE
Seems the war's over in Connecticut.

278 CONTINUED:

MR. POTTER
(blankly)
Do tell -
(irritably)
You're all crazy!...Well, I'll get him a good ladder. He's had enough trouble, and they say, accidents always come in threes.

279 CLOSE SHOT - WILSON

He has finished mending his pipe and is now filling it.

WILSON
In threes? What about world wars?
(he lights his pipe)
Mr. Potter, I devoutly hope and pray you're wrong!!..
(smoking cozily)
Goodnight, Mary... Pleasant dreams.

Wilson takes a long, happy drag at his pipe and fills the belfry with its pleasant smoke.

FADE OUT:

THE END